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## California and Mexico in the Fifth Century.

FROM CHINESE SOURCES.

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TRANSLATED BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.  
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CARL FRIEDRICH NEUMANN, Professor of Oriental Languages and History at the University of Munich, author of the following work, was resident in China during the years of 1829 and 1830. In Canton he became possessor of a large library of Chinese books, from which he has since drawn the materials for works distinguished by their originality, erudition, and untiring industry. After finishing his studies at the universities of Heidelberg and Göttingen, he remained for a long time in Venice, Paris and London, occupied exclusively in the study of oriental languages and history. After his return from China he was appointed (in 1838) Professor of the Chinese and Armenian Languages at the University of Munich, which place he still holds, and where he also reads lectures on history, distinguished for their impartiality, freedom of expression, and liberality of sentiment. Professor Neumann is remarkably unprejudiced with regard to America, and I was first induced to seek his acquaintance on hearing his frequent praises of my native land, while attending the above-mentioned lectures.

Professor Neumann is the author of a number of works in the Latin, French, German and English languages, two of which have received prizes from the Academies of Copenhagen and Paris. I subjoin the titles of several: '*Memoires sur la vie et les ouvrages de David, philosophe Armenien, du cinquième siecle de notre ère, et principalement sur ses traductions de quelques ecrits d'Aristote,*' Paris, 1829; '*The History of Vartan, and of the battle of the Armenians, containing an account of the religious wars between the Persians and Armenians,* by Elisæus,

translated from the Armenian by C. F. Neumann,' London, 1831; 'The Catechism of the Shamans, or the Laws and Regulations of the Priesthood of Buddha, in China, translated from the Chinese, with Notes and Illustrations,' London, 1831; 'History of the Pirates who infested the China Sea from 1807 to 1810, translated from the Chinese Original, with Notes and Illustrations;' 'Vahram's Chronicle of the Armenian Kingdom in Cilicia, translated from the original Armenian, with Notes and Illustrations,' London, 1831; '*Geschichte der Armenischen Literatur*,' Leipzig, 1836; '*Russland und die Tscherkessen*,' Stuttgart, 1840; '*Geschichte des Englisch-Chinesischen Kriegs*,'\* Leipzig, 1846; '*Die Völker des Südlicherd Russland, in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung*,' Leipzig, 1847; '*Eine von dem königlichen Institut von Frankreich gekrönte Preisschrift*;' '*Die Reisen des Venezianers, Marco Polo, Deutsch von August Bürk, Nebst Zusätzen und Verbesserungen von C. F. Neumann*,' Leipzig, 1845.

Professor Neumann is one of the directors of the German Oriental Association, and has published in the first number of their magazine a copious biography of Dr. Morrison, the celebrated Protestant missionary in China; a work of the highest interest to the innumerable friends of the Chinese Mission. This work will make its appearance on the first of July, 1847.

C. G. L.

Munich, June 20, 1847.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES AMONG THE CHINESE.

'To retain laws and customs according to the traditionary manner, and to extend these laws and customs to other lands,' was the precept of the founders of the Celestial Empire, as well as of other civilized nations. 'But this extension,' added they, 'is not to be effected by the oratorical powers of single messengers, nor through the force of armed hordes. This renovation, as in every other sound organic growth which forces itself from within, can only take place when the Outer Barbarians, irresistibly compelled by the virtue and majesty of the Son of Heaven, blush for their barbarism, voluntarily obey the image of the Heavenly Father, and become men.'

It will be readily understood that a race, holding such opinions, would undertake no voyages of discovery, and attempt no conquests. Not a single instance occurs, during the entire four thousand years of the history of Eastern Asia, of an individual who had travelled in foreign lands for the purpose of adding to his own information, or that of others. The journey of Lao-tset to the West appears to be a tale deliberately invented for the purpose of connecting his doctrine of the primitive and infinite Wisdom with that of the Western Mountain of the Gods, or with Buddhism. The campaigns beyond those limits which Nature has assigned to the Chinese Empire were undertaken merely through the impulse of self-preservation. Men were compelled in Central as in Eastern Asia, in Thibet as well as on the banks of the

\* In this comprehensive work one division is entitled '*Nord Amerika und Frankreich in China*,' in which the present and future relation of our country to eastern Asia is developed.

† The founder of the religion of the Taosse.

Irawaddy, to anticipate those dangers and invasions which at a later period threatened the freedom of the Central Empire, and were frequently obliged to send ambassadors or spies into the different Asiatic or European provinces, to obtain information relating to their situation and nature, as well as the condition of their inhabitants, which could guide them in their subsequent warlike or diplomatic relations with the enemies of the empire.

This land, so blessed by nature, attracted not only the barbarian, desirous of plunder, but also the merchant, since certain productions, such as silk, tea, and genuine rhubarb, were found only there. The Chinese government, as well as people, influenced by the precepts of their wise men, received strangers graciously as long as they implicitly obeyed or in any manner evinced fear and submission, and returned the presents, which they offered according to the oriental custom, with others of still greater value. All the discoveries and experiences, all the knowledge and information which they thus obtained in their peaceable or warlike relations with foreign nations, were generally recorded in the last division of the year-books of their own chronicles, forming in an historical point of view an inestimable treasure.

In the first century of our reckoning the pride and vanity induced by the Chinese social system was partly broken by the gradual progress of Buddhism over all Eastern Asia. He who believed in the divine mission of the son of the king of Kaphilapura must recognise every man as his brother and equal by birth; yes, must strive (for the old Buddhism has this in common with the Christian religion) to extend the joyful mission of salvation to all nations on the earth, and to attain this end must suffer, like the type of the God Incarnate, all earthly pain and persecution. So we find that a number of Buddhist monks and preachers have at distant times wandered to all known and unknown parts of the world; either to obtain information with regard to their distant co-religionists, or to preach the theory of the Holy Trinity to unbelievers. The official accounts which these missionaries have rendered of their travels, and of which we possess several, *entire*, considered as sources of information with regard to different lands and nations, belong to the most instructive and important part of Chinese literature. From these sources we have derived in a great degree that information which we possess regarding north-eastern Asia and the western coasts of America during centuries which have been hitherto veiled in the deepest obscurity.

#### THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF LANDS AND NATIONS.

PRIDE and vanity form the basis upon which the Chinese have built their peculiar system of information regarding other lands and people. Around 'The Flower of the Centre' (so teach their wise men) dwell rude, uncivilized races, which are in reality animals, although they have so externally a human form. To these rough brutes they apply all manner of abusive names, and assign them the name of 'Dogs,' 'Swine,' 'Devils' and 'Savages,' according to the four points of the compass which they inhabit. The occasional inquirers and writers of

history among the Europeans who have thought it worth their while to cast a glance upon the as yet fallow fields of Eastern and Central Asiatic history, have blindly followed this limited system, which rests upon the narrowest geographic elements, so that races originally without connection were melted into one and the same people; *par example*, the numerous tribes of the Tartar family.

#### IDENTITY OF THE TARTARS AND AMERICANS.

THE Tunguse, Mongolians, and a great part of the Turkish race, formed originally, according to all external organic tokens, as well as the elements of their languages, but one people, closely allied with the Esquimaux, the Skräling, or dwarf of the Norman, and the races of the New World. This is the irrefutable result to which all the more recent inquiries in anatomy and physiology, as well as comparative philology and history, have conduced. All of the aboriginal Americans have those distinctive tokens which forcibly recall their neighbors dwelling on the other side of Bhering's Straits. They have the four-cornered head, high cheek-bones, heavy jaws, large, angular eye-cavities, and a retreating forehead. The skulls of the oldest Peruvian graves exhibit the same tokens as the heads of the nomadic tribes of Oregon and California. The different American languages, as has been already proved by Gallatin\* in his minute researches, have such an identity that we can, however varied the vocabulary, at once reduce them to one original source. In fact, all researches as to the manner in which America was first populated lead to one inevitable conclusion. Since the earth has been inhabited these rude tribes dwelt in their separate parts of Asia and America. This rough mass has, however, during the course of centuries, been separated by different corporeal and mental formative influences, into different nations, each with peculiar bodily distinctions, the natural consequence of higher mental influences, and numerous languages, have been developed; yet all of these distinctions, whether of body or language, of manner or custom, present internal evidence of an original unity. This unity manifests itself in their genealogies, the oldest historical system of all nations, by which the identity of the Turks, Mongolians and Tunguese is clearly proved. Among these Tartaric hordes we find absolutely the same relation as that which existed among the German nations. The Ostrogoths and Visigoths, the Westphalians, the northern and southern nations, belonged originally, notwithstanding their different destinies and culture, to the internal being of one and the same German race.

#### TONGUSE-EASTERN BARBARIANS.

ALL of the numerous Tataric hordes, dwelling about the northeast of the Central Empire, were termed by the civilized natives of the south '*Tonghu*,' eastern red men or savages, from which appellation we derive our word *Tunguse*,† which has been subsequently applied

\* *Bär, in den Beiträgen zur Kenntniss des russischen Reichs, I. 279.*

† 'The '*Shajrat ul Atrak*,' or genealogical tree of the Turks and Tartars,' translated by Colonel MILES, London, 1838. *Tung* or *Tungus* is here rendered as (25) 'a Son of the Turk.'

to an extremely limited portion of the entire race. Among these Mongolian nations many centuries before Zanghis Khan, (Tschingis Chakan) the Mongolians were distinguished by the differently written name of Wog or Mog and divided into seven hordes, dwelling in different places, extending from the Corean peninsula to the distant North, over the river Amo to the Eastern Sea, i. e. to the Gulf of Anadir or Bhering's Straits. The nomadic tribes dwelling more directly to the North, they termed *Peti* or Northern Savages, and many tribes were reckoned by them at different times as belonging either to the Tunguse or *Peti*. During the course of many centuries the Chinese acquired a surprisingly accurate knowledge of the north-east coast of Asia, extending as their records in Astronomy and Natural History prove, to the sixty-fifth degree of latitude, and even to the Arctic Ocean.\* Among other accounts they tell us of a land very far from the Central Kingdom, whose inhabitants, termed Kolihan or Chorrhan, sent during the latter part of the seventh century ambassadors to the court at Singan. This land lay on the North Sea, and still further to the north, on the other side of that sea, the days were so long and the nights in proportion so short, that the sun set and rose again 'before one could roast a leg of mutton.†

The Chinese were well acquainted with the customs of these tribes, and describe them to us as resembling the Tsohuktschi or Koljuschens of the present day, and other tribes of North-Eastern Asia and North-Western America. They had neither oxen, sheep nor other domestic animals, but there were tribes among them who employed deer, which were there very numerous. These deer of which they speak, were undoubtedly rein-deer. They knew nothing of agriculture, but lived by hunting and fishing, as well as on the root of a certain plant, which grew there in abundance. Their dwellings were constructed of twigs and wood, their clothes were made of furs and feathers. They laid their dead in coffins, which they placed in trees in the mountains. They were ignorant of any division of the year into time. The Chinese were also as well acquainted with those dwelling more directly to the east as with those inhabitants of the north.

The limits of the Chinese empire, extended under the dynasty of Tschen, in the time of David and Solomon to the Eastern Ocean. They knew and frequented the numerous groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean for the sake of trade. The natives inhabiting these islands sent on their part messengers to the court with presents which are registered in the Chinese annals. It also frequently happened that China sent a portion of its discontented or superfluous population to these thinly inhabited islands, as well as to Japan, Lian Kien and Formosa, of which we have accurate historical proofs. The tribe of the Ainos or Jebis, extending from Japan to Kamschatka over the Kurilean and Aleutian or Fox Islands, to the distant north, where it touched upon

\* GAUBIL: Observations Mathematiques. Paris: 1732. II. 110.

† Mantuanlin Book, 348, fol. 6.

‡ Koljustchi or Koljuki, signifies the peg or pin, which those savages wear in the under lip, and from which the name is derived. They were subsequently termed by the Russians who possess the land, Galloches, from the French word, originally merely in jest. In the course of time, this name supplanted the earlier term Koljuken, so that all are now known as Kaloschen.

the nearly allied Esquimaux, must naturally have astonished the occasional colonists and merchants who found their way thither, by a singular distinctive bodily phenomenon, namely, an exceeding growth of hair on their bodies. Such was the case, and they were termed *Mau-schin*, (or according to the Japanese mode of pronouncing Chinese writing, *Mosin*) i. e., hairy people, and also from the great number of sea-crabs found in their region.\* Hi-ai, (in Japanese Jeso) i. e., crab-barbarians. And as these barbarians like the inhabitants of the Southern Islands, were in the habit of tattooing figures upon their skin, they were also termed by the Chinese *wen-schin* or painted people. In the course of time, other names were also added, but any one acquainted with the nature of that part of the world and its inhabitants, readily recognises despite the varied appellations, the same race of men in the *Ainos*. We are indebted to the numerous embassies which in earlier times, passed between China and Japan for the greater part of the information contained in their Year Books, relating to the north and south easterly islands and nations. These embassies brought back with them many traditionary accounts, which were strongly tinged with fable and yet not entirely devoid of truth. For instance, when they speak of the land of *Tschutschu* or dwarfs, very far to the south of Japan, whose inhabitants, black, naked and ugly, kill and devour all strangers, we readily recognise the natives of Papua or New Guinea.

The Ainos were first described in 'The Book of Mountains and Seas,' written in the second or third century, and so richly adorned with wonderful legends, under the name of 'Hairy People.' They dwelt according to this book in the eastern sea, and were completely overgrown with hair.† Some of these people came A. D. 659, in company with a Japanese embassy to China; they are termed in the year book of Tang, '*Crab-barbarians*,'‡ after which the note follows. 'They had long beards and dwelt to the north-east of Japan; they laid bows, arrows and deerskins, as presents before the throne; these were the inhabitants of Jeso, which island not long before had been subdued and rendered tributary by the Japanese.' The report of the Japanese embassy in their domestic returns is, however, much more copious and satisfactory. The queries of the Heaven's son of Tang, and the replies of the Japanese ambassador, are there narrated as follows:

THE RULER OF TANG: 'Does the Heavenly Autocrat find himself in constant tranquillity?'

THE AMBASSADOR: 'Heaven and earth unite their gifts and constant tranquillity ensues.'

THE RULER OF TANG: 'Are the government officers well appointed?'

THE AMBASSADOR: 'They have the grace of the Heavenly Ruler and are well.'

THE RULER OF TANG: 'Is there internal peace?'

THE AMBASSADOR: 'The government harmonises with heaven and earth; the people have no care.'

THE RULER OF TANG: 'Where lies the land — this Jeso?'

THE AMBASSADOR: 'To the north-east.'

THE RULER OF TANG: 'How many divisions has it?'

THE AMBASSADOR: 'Three; the most distant we call *Tsguru*, the next *Ara* and the nearest *Niki*. To the last belong these men, here before us. They appear yearly with their tribute at the court of our king.'

\* DESCRIPTION of the Kurilean and Aleutic Islands. Translated from the Russian. Ulm: 1792, f. 16.

† Schan-hai-king, quoted in the 'Histoire des trois Royaumes, traduite par Titsingh. Klaproth has according to his custom, passed off the translation as his own. Paris: 1832. 218.

‡ Tang-schu or Year Books of Tang. Book 220. p. 18. v. Mantuanlin Book 326. p. 23. v. where the report as usual is given. Titsingh. Annales des Empereurs du Japon. Paris: 1834. 52. This is a remarkable coincidence in the Chinese and Japanese Year Books.



THE RULER OF TANG: 'Does this land produce corn?'

THE AMBASSADOR: 'No; its inhabitants live on flesh.'

THE RULER OF TANG: 'Have they houses?'

THE AMBASSADOR: 'No; they live in the mountains, under the trunks of trees.'

Since this time in the seventh century, many wars have been undertaken against these northern border barbarians, (Grängbarbaren) by their more civilized neighbors, and generally with success. But the inhabitants of Jeso, always rose again after a short time, drove forth the Japanese invaders from the land, and gave themselves up again to their wild original freedom, like their ancestors on the neighboring island. Even at the present day the Japanese govern only a very small portion of Jeso, i. e., the gold district of this remarkably rich island, readily leads to an acquaintance with Kamtschatka, which latter was also described about the same period in the following manner.

#### KAMTSCHATKA IN THE TIME OF TANG.

†LIEU KUEI or Huig-goci, as the Kamtschadales of the present day term their fellow countrymen dwelling on the Penschinischen Bay, is situated, according to the Chinese 'Year Books,' fifteen thousand Chinese miles distant from the capital, which according to the measurement of the celebrated astronomer Ihan, in the times of Tang, gives about three hundred and thirty-eight to one of our grades.‡ Now, Singan, the capital of China during the dynasty of Tang, lies in the district Schensi, thirty-four degrees, fifteen minutes thirty-four seconds north latitude, and one hundred and six degrees, thirty-four minutes east longitude, from Paris. Peter and Paul's Haven on the contrary, according to Preuss, lies fifty-three degrees fifty-nine seconds north latitude, and one hundred and fifty-three degrees nineteen minutes and fifty-six seconds east longitude, from Paris. Differences which the accounts of the Chinese 'Year Books' establish in an astonishing manner, and leave no doubt whatever over the identity of Kamtschatka with Lieu Kuei, for it is certainly satisfactory if estimates of such great distances, drawn in all probability from the accounts of half savage sailors, or quite savage natives, should agree within two or three grades with accurate astronomical results.

'This land lies exactly north-east from the Black River, or Black Dragon River and the Moko, and the voyage thither requires fifteen days, which is the time in which the Moko generally effect it.'

The Moko here alluded to, are beyond doubt the Mongolians, who governed in earlier ages, and even in the time of Tang as far south as *Corea*; and in the north as far as the other side of the Amur, the western limits of this people are unknown. In the East, they dwelt as our

\* NIPPONKI, i. e., Japanese Year Books from 661 until 696, according to Chr. G., which were collected in the year 720. They embrace thirty volumes 8vo. The portions translated by HOFFMAN are to be found in volume 26, nine of SIEBOLD's Japanese Archives. viii. 130.

† STELLER's description of Kamtschatka. Leipzig: 1734. 3. All that occurs between quotation marks has been literally translated from the Year Books of Tang (*Tang-schu*. Book 220. p. 19. v.) The part not thus marked is drawn principally from STELLER, and added for explanation. The article of *Mantuanlin* (Book 347. p. 5.) may be compared with the Year Books of Tang. The article is indeed evidently borrowed from the *Tangschu*, but is much better arranged, and contains many original incidents, on which account I have fully availed myself of it. The compiler of *Encyclopædia of Kang-hi* (*Juen-ken-hui-han*) satisfied himself (Book 241. p. 19,) as he frequently did with merely transcribing from *Mantuanlin*.

‡ The Chinese grades are rather smaller than our geographical.

chronicle expressly remarks, as far as to the ocean, i. e., the Pacific, from whence they could easily pass to the islands and the American continent. That this was in reality effected, is evident from the external appearance as well as the affinity between the Mongolian language and that of the American Indians. The distance from Ochotok to the opposite peninsula, is about one hundred and fifty German miles, and in fact the natives generally require from ten to fifteen days to make the voyage.

‘Lieu-kuei lies to the north of the North Sea, by which it is on three sides surrounded. To the north, this peninsula touches upon the land of Jetschay\* or Tschuktschi; but the exact limits are not easy to determine; it requires an entire month to make the journey from Kamtschatka to Jetschay, beyond this the land is unexplored, and no mission has as yet come from thence to the Central Kingdom. Here are neither fortified places or towns, the people dwell in different places on the sea islands and along the shore, or on the banks of rivers, where they live by catching and salting fish.’

Steller, also assures us that the dwellings of the *Itölmen*, i. e., the native Kamtschadales, are always situated on rivers, bays or the mouths of the lesser streams, and especially in those locations surrounded by woods. Fish in incredible quantities and great variety are there found, serving during the long winters as provender for both men and cattle. These they prepare in many ways, but principally by salting. Those living still more to the north, subsist almost entirely on fish, from which they receive the name Eskimantik or Eskims, i. e., ‘Rawfisheating.’

‘They dwell in caves generally dug tolerably deep in the earth, around which they lay thick, unhewn planks.’

This is applicable only to their winter dwellings, their summer habitations are built high in the air on posts like our dove cotes. The *Itälmen* dig out the earth to the depth of three or four feet in the form of a brick, and to such an extent as the number of their family may require. The excavated earth they pile to the height of two or three feet around the pit thus formed, and then roof it with pieces of bark or willow sticks, five or six feet long, which they stick deep within the pit, into the earth, so that the tops are all equally high; between these sticks and the earth they generally lay dry straw, so that none of the earth may fall through, nor any of the articles in the dwelling become rusty or mouldy by direct contact with it; then they leave a shelf of earth around, about a foot broad and lay great beams thereon in squares, which they support on the outside with planks and sticks stuck into the earth, so that they may not externally give way. Then they place over them four posts cut in the form of forks, as high as they wish to have the lodging in the middle.

Over these they lay again crosswise four beams, and fasten them with thongs to the posts, upon which they lay on every side the rafters. Between these rafters they lay thin sticks, and across these, small pieces of wood, quite close together; this entire wooden roof they cover to

\* In Tangschu an error of transcription occurs. Instead of Pe-hai North Sea, we have Schao-hai, little sea. The correct reading is to be found in the two Encyclopædias already quoted. Jetschaykno a kingdom, here an excellent country, the Jetschay, is only to be found in the Encyclopædias. The arrogant Chinese love to write the names of foreigners with names which indicate scorn and contempt. Lieu-kuei for example, signifies ‘The devil who runs through,’ and Jetschay, ‘The devil’s companion.’



the depth of six inches with straw, shake over it the remnant of the excavated earth, and tread it down firm; in the middle of the house, they make the hearth between four thin posts, of these posts, two from the entrance which is at the same time the chimney; opposite the fire-place, they dig out an air passage from eight to twelve feet long according to the size of the house, which passess beyond the limits of the dwelling itself; this passage is closed except while they are making a fire; to facilitate the free admission of air, they build the roof of the air passage in such a manner that the wind continually strikes against it, and is drawn in. If any one would enter he must naturally descend the door chimney, which is done either by means of a ladder or the notched trunk of a tree; this smoky atmosphere is extremely oppressive to an European though the natives support it without inconvenience; the little children generally creep through the draft, which also serves as a repository for cooking utensils; in the interior cubes of wood are placed, which indicate the divisions of the separate sleeping places.

‘The climate, owing to fogs and heavy snows is very severe. The natives are all clothed in furs, which they obtain in hunting; they also prepare from dogs’ hair and different species of grass, a sort of cloth; in winter, they wear the skins of swine and reindeer; in summer, those of fish; they have a great number of dogs.’

We know that the climate of Kamtschatka presents remarkable differences. Districts situated at no great distance from each other, have at the same season a remarkably different climate. The southern part of the peninsula is damper, darker, and more exposed to the terrible storm winds on account of its vicinity to the sea; but the further north we ascend on the Pensinischen Bay, so much the milder are the winds in winter, and so much the less rain falls in summer. In no land are the fogs so frequent and so thick as in Kamtschatka, nor is any country known where deeper snows fall than between the fifty-first and fifty-fourth degrees of the Peninsula. The natives, therefore, naturally require the heavy sea-dog and rein-deer fur-clothing, spoken of in the Chinese chronicle. The women prepare from dried nettles and other grasses, a sort of linen which serves for all domestic purposes. Reindeer, black bears, wolves, foxes and other animals, are found here in abundance, and are caught by a variety of ingenious methods, which the Chinese have also described. Dogs are their only tame animals which they use instead of horses, to draw their sledges. It is an error of the Chinese writers, when he speaks of swine; they would indeed succeed in this country; but in the time of Steller were there as yet unknown. Even at the present day, several of the north-easterly Mantchon tribes still clothe themselves in fish-skins, for which reason they are termed by the Chinese, *Jupi* or *Fish-skins*. These, like the *Chadschen*, belong to the *Alenten*.

‘The people have no regular constitution; they know nothing of officers and laws; is there a robber in the land, all of the inhabitants assemble together to judge him. They know nothing of the divisions and course of the four seasons. Their bows are about four feet long, and their arrows are like those of the Middle Kingdom; they prepare

from bones and stones, a sort of musical instrument ; they love singing and dancing ; they place their dead in the hollow trunks of trees, and mourn for them three years without wearing any mourning clothes. In the year 640, during the reign of the second Heaven's Son of Tang, came the first and last tribute, bringing embassy from the land of Lieukuei, to the Middle Kingdom.'

Before the conquest of their land by the Russians, the Kamtschadales lived in a sort of community, such as is generally found among all primitive tribes, for example, the early Germans. Every one revenged his own wrongs with the readiest weapons, such as bows, arrows and bone spears ; in war they chose a leader whose authority ceased with it ; in case of theft where the offender was unknown, the elders called the people together and admonished them to give him up. When this proved unsuccessful, death and destruction were generally invoked upon his head, by means of their Schamanic sorcery. They divide the entire solar year into summer and winter, but are ignorant of any division of time into days and weeks, and few are able to count above forty ; they pass the time principally in dancing, singing and relating tales and legends ; their songs and melodies, several of which are given in Steller, are remarkably soft and agreeable. 'When I compare,' says this excellent writer, 'the songs of the great Orlando Lasso, with which the king of France was so much delighted after the Parisian bloody marriage, with these airs of the Itälmen, I am compelled as far as the agreeableness thereof (*Annehmlichkeit*) is concerned, to give the latter the preference.' The Chinese account, as to the three years of mourning is groundless at least, when the Russians first discovered Kamtschatka, nothing of the kind existed. The sick were thrown when beyond all hope of recovery to the dogs, even while yet alive, and any thing like mourning or lamenting from their surviving relatives was seldom even thought of. It is, however, possible, if not probable, that since the seventh century, the manners of the Kamtschadales, have much changed or deteriorated.

The situation of the Wen-schin, or 'Painted People,' if we are to credit the account regarding their distance from Japan, must be sought for to the east of Kamtschatka, and within the Atlantic group of islands. 'The land of Wen-schin,' says the year-book of the southern \* dynasty, 'is situated about seven thousand Chinese miles, or twenty of our geographical grades, to the north-east of Japan ;' a direction and distance which places us in the midst of the Aleutian, or Fox group of islands. It is not readily intelligible how Deguignes could seek and find these painted people on the island of *Jeso*.†

The bodies of these people are covered with a variety of figures of animals, and the like. On the forehead they have three lines ; the great and straight indicate the nobles, the small and crooked the common people.

The Aleuten, or Fox-Islanders, before their conversion to Christianity,

\* NAUSSE, *i. e.*, History of the Southern Dynasties, book 79, p. 5. The same article is to be found in Leang-schu, *i. e.*, in the year-book of Leang, book 54, p. 19 ; and by MANTUANLIN, book 327, p. 2.

† MEMOIRES de l'Academie des Inscriptions, et Belles Lettres, xxviii, 506. This is not the only error which this writer, so excellent in other respects, has made in this treatise.

not only cut, as is well known, a variety of figures upon their body, but also bored through the cartilage of the nose, through which they stuck a pin, upon which they bore on festive occasions glass beads: the women for a similar purpose bored the ear. Moreover, they made in the underlip cuts, in which they bore needles of stone or bone, which were about two inches long.

## TAHAN - ALIASKA.

DURING the dynasty of Leang, in the first half of the sixth century, (A. D.,) the Chinese heard of a land situated five thousand of their miles to the eastward of the Painted People, who dwelt in the Aleutian Islands, and named it Taban, or Great China. The direction and distance indicated the great peninsula Aliaska. They probably named it *Great China*, from their having heard of the continent which extends beyond. It was in a precisely similar manner, (according to the legend,) that the Irish, who in earlier ages (long before the time of Columbus) were cast away on the American shores, named the country \* 'Great Ireland.' They report that the newly-discovered nation altogether resembled the Painted People, but spoke an entirely different language. The Taban bore no weapons, and knew nothing of war and strife.†

Beyond Aliaska the Chinese discovered, at the end of the fifth century, a land which Deguignes in fact afterward sought for on the north west part of the American continent. The conjecture of that keen-witted scholar was a point afterward fully established, and we are even now enabled to determine those parts of America described by the Chinese. The zealous inquiries relating to a state of civilization long passed away, and to such of its remains as yet exist in the New World, have led in our days to results of which the inquirer of the eighteenth century could have had no intimation. We will now give a literal translation of the Chinese report, and afterward an explanation.

## THE KINGDOM OF FUSANG, OR MEXICO.

DURING the reign of the dynasty *Tsi*, in the first year of the year-naming ‡ 'Everlasting Origin,' (Anno Domini 499,) came a Bhuddist priest from this kindom, who bore the cloister name of Hoei-schin, *i. e.*, Universal Compassion, (Allgemeines Mitloiden: according to King-tschu it signifies 'an old name. ||') to the present district of Hukuang, and those surrounding it, who narrated that 'Fusang is about twenty thousand Chinese miles in an easterly direction from Tahan, and east of the middle kingdom. Many Fusang-trees grow there, whose leaves resemble the *Dryanda Cordifolia*; § the sprouts, on the contrary, re-

\* MUNOHERER Gel. Anzoigen, viii., 636. This must have been the land extending from the two Carolinas to the southern point of Florida.

† LEANGSCHU and Mantuanlin, a, 2, o.

‡ JAHRESEBENENNUNG.

§ KING-TSCHU is the sixth of the nine provinces which are described in the tax-roll of Ju, (which contains the sixth of the included divisions of the Annual-book.) It extended from the north side of the hill Hong. Compare HONGINGTA, the celebrated expounder of King in the times of TANG, with the already mentioned extracts from the annual-book.

§ In the Leang-schu we find an error in the writing, (a very frequent occurrence in Chinese transcriptions.) Instead of the character TONG (4,233 Bas) we have TANG, (11,444 B.) which signifies *copper*, and according to which we must read: 'Their leaves resemble copper,' which is evidently an error.

semble those of the bamboo-tree,\* and are eaten by the inhabitants of the land. The fruit is like a pear in form, but is red. From the bark they prepare a sort of linen, which they use for clothing, and also a sort of ornamented stuff.† The houses are built of wooden beams; fortified and walled places are there unknown.

#### THEIR WRITING AND CIVIL REGULATIONS.

THEY have written characters in this land, and prepare paper from the bark of the Fusang. The people have no weapons, and make no wars, but in the arrangements of the kingdom they have a northern and a southern prison. Trifling offenders were lodged in the southern, but those confined for greater offences in the northern; so that those who were about to receive grace could be placed in the southern prison, and those to the contrary in the northern. Those men and women who were imprisoned for life were allowed to marry. The boys resulting from these marriages were at the age of eight years sold for slaves; the girls not until their ninth year. If a man of any note was found guilty of crimes, an assembly was held: it must be in an excavated place, (Grube.) There they strewed ashes over him, and bade him farewell, as if he were dying. If the offender were one of a lower class, he alone was punished; but when of rank, the degradation was extended to his children and grand-children. With those of the highest rank it attained to the seventh generation.

#### THE KINGDOM AND THE NOBLES.

THE name of the king is pronounced *Ichii*. The nobles of the first class are termed *Tuilu*; of the second *Little Tuilu*; and of the third, *Na-to-scha*. When the prince goes forth he is accompanied by horns and trumpets. The color of his clothes changes with the different years. In the two first of the ten-year cyclus they are blue; in the two next red; in the two following yellow; in the two next red; and in the last two black.

#### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE horns of the oxen are so large that they contain ten bushels, (Schaeffel.) They use them to hold all manner of things. Horses, oxen and stags, are harnessed to their wagons. Stags are used here as cattle are used in the Middle Kingdom, and from the milk of the hind they make butter. The red pears of the Fusang tree keep good throughout the year. Moreover, they have apples and reeds; from the latter they prepare mats. *No iron is found in this land, but copper, gold and silver are not prized, and do not serve as a medium of exchange in the market.*

Marriage is determined upon in the following manner. The suitor

\* This is also the case in China with the bamboo sprouts, on which account they are termed *Sun*, (7,449 B.) i. e., the buds of the first ten days, since they only keep for that time.

† The year-books of Leang have a variation; instead of the character *KIN*, (11,492 B.) 'embroidered stuff,' (meaning, of course, embroidered or ornamented stuff in general,) we have *MIX*, which signifies 'fine silk.'

builds himself a hut before the door of the house where the one longed for dwells, and waters and cleans the ground every morning and evening. When a year has passed by, if the maiden is not inclined to marry him, he departs; should she be willing, it is completed. When the parents die, they fast seven days. For the death of the paternal or maternal grandfather they lament five days; at the death of elder or younger sisters or brothers, uncles or aunts, three days. They then sit from morning to evening before an image of the ghost, absorbed in prayer, but wear no mourning clothes. When the king dies, the son who succeeds him does not busy himself for three years with state affairs.

In earlier times these people lived not according to the laws of Buddha. But it happened that in the second year naming 'Great Light,' of song, (A. D. 458,) that five beggar monks, from the kingdom Kipin, went to this land, extended over it the religion of Buddha, and with it his holy writings and images. They instructed the people in the principles of monastic life, and so changed their manners.

#### A M A Z O N I A.

THE same Buddhist monk who gives this account of the land Fusang, tells us of a country of women (Weiberreiche.) 'This land,' he writes, 'lies about a thousand Chinese miles in an easterly direction from Fusang, and is inhabited by white people, with very hairy bodies.'\* The entire story is, however, intermixed with so much fabulous matter, that it is not worth translating. It is, however, worthy of remark, that since the earliest times every civilized race who have left us written records of their existence speak of a land of women, which was always placed farther and farther to the northeast, until we ultimately find it placed in America. It is hardly worth remarking, that such a land of women could never have existed. It is, however, possible, that here and there, among various tribes, the women may have had separate dwelling places; perhaps have had dwelling places apart upon an island, and only held from time to time intercourse with the men. The Arabs, particularly Edrisi, speak of such an arrangement,† but thought that this land of women lay in an altogether different direction. The knowledge of the Arabs and the Persians of the east and northeastern parts of the world extended only to Japan and the eastern shores of China. 'To the eastward of Japan,' asserts Abulfeda distinctly, 'the earth is uninhabited.'

#### K O P H E N E - B E L O O C H I S T A N.

THE land west of the Indus, known to us at the present day under the names of Avghaunistan and Beloochistan, was converted, shortly after the death of the Indian reformer Buddha, to his doctrine, which spread the system of castes, and was founded upon the principle of universal love.

It bears in the reports of the Chinese Buddhists the name *Kipin*,

\* The reports are given in the Kan-ssu, book 79, p. 5; Leang-schu, book 54, p. 49; and from these much more correctly in the encyclopædia of MANTUANLIN, book 327, a. A.

† EDRISE II., 433, ed. JAUBERT.

which appears in the different forms of Kophen, Kophes and Kophante, in the description of rivers and cities in Gedrosia and Arachosia, by several of the older writers.\* Here the third leader of the religion of the king's son of Kapilapura had chosen his seat.† They flourished here in great power, as their numerous monuments and ruins indicate, until the seventh and eighth centuries, when the fanatic Moslem promulgated the doctrines of their own prophet, with fire and sword. To this holy city came many of the monks of Middle Asia and China, and from Kophene again the religion extended itself to many parts of the world, even to North America and Mexico.

How these lands were named by their inhabitants we know not, as seems indeed to be generally the case with most new discoveries of this nature. We know only that they received the name Fusang, which was the name of a tree common to the country with Eastern Asia;‡ or it would more probably appear that of an Asiatic tree, resembling it in one or more particulars; for it seems to be a natural and usual circumstance to name a newly-discovered land after some striking peculiarity. The Normans, who landed in America five hundred years after these Buddhist priests, named it in a similar manner Winaland, from the number of wild grapes growing there. On account of the great distance of the land Fusang, no missionaries went there afterward. And yet the remembrance of this land, so fraught with wonders, has not yet disappeared from the memories of Chinese and Buddhist inquirers into the wonders of the olden time. Many of them have frequently mentioned it in their works, and have even drawn maps of it,§ and taken the pains in their thoughtless, unreflecting manner, to collect together all the accounts which we have here given. Also at a later period, their mythical geographers and poets have availed themselves of this piece of knowledge, and, as was the case in the West with the land of Prester John,|| spun it out into all manner of strange tales. But these beautiful and romantic fantasies over the land and the tree Fusang can have no more weight with the impartial seeker into the truth of historical tradition than the legends of Alexander and Charlemagne¶ with the student of Arrian and Eginhard.

The distance of the land from Tahan or Alaska, which extends according to the distance before given from the fifty-seventh to the fifty-eighth degree, leads us necessarily to the northwest coast of Mexico and the vicinity of San Blas. Not less decisively do the Buddhist Chinese reports indicate this part of the world. But before we can avail ourselves of these latter accounts of the Aztecs, a difficulty must

\* MANNERT, *Geographie der Griechen und Römer* V., ABTHEILUNG II., 19, 20, 53 und 55.

† VIDE History of Buddhism, which bears the title Tschai jue la, *i. e.*, the Indian Guide III., 5, v.

‡ LOUREIRO, *Flora Cochinchinensis*. Berolini, 1793, II., 510.

§ FA-KIAI-NGAN-LITU, *i. e.*, more certain tables of religion, I., 22.

|| VIDE *Relation des Mongols* on Tartares, by the brother JEAN DU PLAN DE CARPIN, legat du saint siège apostolique, etc., during the years 1245-47, given in the notice published by the Société de Géographie under the above-mentioned title; also the travels of Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, *Traques de Vitry*, the works of MATTHEW OF PARIS, JOINVILLE, MARCO POLO, and more particularly the old legend of Prestre Jehan, reprinted in *M. Le Monde Enchantée*, par M. FERDINAND DENIS, Paris, 1843, p. 184.

¶ VIDE TURPIN'S Chronicle, WARTON and the Book of Legends, by O'SULLIVAN, Paris, 1842; also KING ALISAUNDER, WEBER'S Metrical Romanes.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.



be removed, which would otherwise annihilate the complete mass of proofs.

THE OLDEST HISTORY OF MEXICO.

THE information given by our Buddhist travellers goes back into time long anterior to the most remote periods alluded to in the wavering legends of the Aztecs, resting upon uncertain interpretations of hieroglyphics. One fact is, however, deeply rooted in this trembling soil of Old America: the races of barbarians which successively followed each other from the North to the South always murdered, hunted down and subdued the previous inhabitants, and formed in the course of time a new social and political life upon the ruins of the old system, to be again destroyed and renewed in the course of a few centuries by a new invasion of barbarians. The later native conquerors in the New World can of course no more be considered in the light of original inhabitants than the present races of men in the Old World.

THE RUINS OF MITLA AND PALENQUE.

THE ruins named after the adjacent places Mitla and Paleuque, situated in the province Zzendale, near the limits of the municipality of Ciudad Real and Yucatan, have been supposed by enthusiastic judges to possess an antiquity anterior by thousands of years to the coming of our LORD. Prejudiced and ignorant visionaries have imagined this to be the home of all spiritual cultivation, and even to have discovered here traces of Buddhism.\* The Toltecs, a word signifying architect, appeared about the middle of the seventh century, and one of their literary productions, known as 'The Divine Book,' existed, according to an unauthenticated legend, until the time of the Spaniards. The Aztecs, on the contrary, came to Anahuac, or 'The Land near the Water,' during the reign of Frederick the Second.† The savage invaders at first evinced the greatest hostility to the religion and social institutions of the conquered; but feeling ultimately the want of a regular system themselves, they erected a new edifice upon the old ruins. This may prove advantageous in a subjective as well as a material point of view, since we can thus avail ourselves of a knowledge of the laws, manners and customs of the Aztecs, in order to obtain a clearer conception of the condition of the earlier races who inhabited this land.‡ The most learned historian of New Spain has already recognized in every particular, and in connection with the results of the most recent inquiries, the original affinity of the numerous Mexican languages.

\* '*Antiquités Mexicaines*,' II. 73, and Trans. of the American Antiq. Soc. II. On the subject of the early Mexicans the reader may consult PRESCOTT'S Hist. of the Conquest of Mexico. This is a work as much distinguished by substantial erudition and critical tact as by its simple, truly historical statements. ('Ebenso aus gezeichnet durch gründliche Gelehrsamkeit und kritischen Tact wie durch einfache ächt geschichtliche Darstellung.') Our shallow pates, who cannot even yet comprehend that the Form cultivates and perfects the soul of the Material, and our *retrograding* party men, who regard North-America as a merely industrial, or an altogether depraved land, could here learn much, if the truth were of any moment to them. — *Note to the Munich edition of 1845.*

† 'THE chronological accounts of the different authors contradict each other; those of the learned Clavigero always appear to be the most correct.' PRESCOTT, I. 11.

‡ CLAVIGERO-STORIA antica del Messico, I. 153.

The pyramidal-symbolic form of many of the Mexican monuments appears indeed to have a resemblance with the religious edifices of the Buddhists, for places of interment; but neither their architecture nor ornaments, according to Castañeda's drawings of Mexican antiquities, indicate any East Indian symbol, unless we are willing to admit their eight rings or stories as such. According to a Buddhistic legend, the remains of Schakia were placed in eight metallic jars, and over these as many temples were erected.\* But if Buddhism ever flourished in Central America it certainly was not the pure religion of Schakia, as it now exists in Nepal, Thibet, and other parts of Asia, but a new religion built upon its foundations. For the missionaries of Schakiamunis were in a manner Jesuits, who, the more readily to attain their aim, either based their doctrines upon, or intermixed them with the existing manners and customs. The myth of the birth of the terrible Aztec god of war may possibly be a faded remain of the old Indian religion. Huitzilopotschli was born in the same wonderful manner as Schakia; his mother saw a ball floating in the air (but one of shining feathers), placed it in her bosom, became pregnant, and gave birth to the terrible son, who came into the world with a spear in his right hand, a shield in his left, and a waving tuft of green feathers on his head. Juan de Grijalva, the nephew of Velasquez, was so much struck with the many instances of a high state of civilization, and particularly with the magnificent buildings, that he named the peninsula New-Spain; which term has since been extended to a much greater portion of the New World.†

FUSANG, MAGUEY, AGAVE AMERICANA.

WE know that the flora of the north-western part of America is closely allied to that of China, Japan, and other lands of eastern Asia. We may also assume that the Fusang-tree was formerly found in America, and afterward, through neglect, became extinct. Tobacco and Indian corn seem always to have been as natural to China as to the New World. It is, however, much more probable that the traveller described a plant, hitherto unknown to him, which supplies as many wants of the natives as the original Fusang in eastern Asia; I mean the Great American Aloe (*Agave Americana*), called by the Indians 'Maguey,' which rises in pyramidal flower-tufts above the circle of dark leaves, and which is so remarkably abundant in the plains of New-Spain. From the crushed leaves, even at the present day, a firm paper is prepared. Upon such paper those hieroglyphic manuscripts alluded to by the Buddhist missionary, and destroyed by the fanatic Spaniards, were written. From the sap an intoxicating drink is prepared. The large, stiff leaves serve to roof their low huts, and its fibres supply them with a variety of thread and ropes. From the boiled roots they prepare an agreeable food, and the thorns serve for pins and needles. This wonderful plant therefore supplies them with food, drink, clothing and writing materials; being, in fact, so fully

\* ASIATIC Researches, XVI. 316.

† CLAVIGERO, II. 19.

‡ PRESCOTT, I. 143.

satisfactory to every want of the Mexicans, that many persons well acquainted with the land and its inhabitants have asserted that the Maguey plant must be exterminated ere the sloth and idleness, the two great impediments which must ever hinder them from attaining a higher social position, can be checked.

#### METALS AND MONEY.

THE use of iron, now found so plentifully in New-Spain, was, as the Buddhist correctly remarked, unknown in Mexico. Copper and brass supplied its place, as was indeed the case at an early period in other countries. They prepared, however, according to Antonio de Herrera, two sorts of copper, a hard and a soft; the first of which was used to manufacture cutting tools and agricultural instruments, and the second for pots, and all manner of household implements. They understood the working of silver, tin and lead mines, but neither the silver nor gold which they picked up on the surface of the earth or found in the beds of rivers served as a circulating medium. These metals were not particularly prized in that land. Pieces of tin in the form of a common hammer, and bundles of cacao containing a determined number of seeds, were the usual money.

#### LAWS AND CUSTOMS OF THE AZTECS.

THE laws of the Aztecs were very strict, yet in the few remaining fragments of their hieroglyphical pictures, yet extant, we find no trace of the regulations of the land 'Fusang.' There existed, however, in the days of Montezuma, an hereditary nobility, divided into several ranks, of which authors give contradictory statements. Zurita speaks of four orders of chiefs, who were exempted from the payment of taxes and enjoyed other immunities.\*

Their method of marrying resembled that practised at the present day in Kamschatka. We have no account of their mourning ceremonies, but know that the king had a particular palace, in which he passed the time of mourning for his nearest relatives.† On the festivals of the gods they sounded horns and trumpets: this may have been done by the companions of the king as to a representative of the god-head.‡ The Aztecs reckoned according to a period of fifty-two years, and knew very exactly the time of the revolution of the earth about the sun. The ten-year cyclus spoken of in the Chinese report may have been a subdivision of the Aztec period, or have even been used as an independent period, as was indeed the case by the Chinese, who term their notations 'stems.' It is worthy of remark, that among the Mongols and Mantchous these 'stems' are named after colors, which perhaps have some relation to the several colors of the royal clothing in the cyclus of *Fusang*.|| These Tartaric tribes term the first two years of the ten-year cyclus 'green and greenish;' the two next, red

\* PRESCOTT, i., 18.

† MITHRIDATES, iii., 33.

‡ BERNAL DIAZ, Hist. de la Conquista, 152, 153; PRESCOTT iii., 87, 97.

|| GAUBIL, Observations Mathematiques. Paris, 1732, ii., 135.

and reddish; and so in continuation, yellow and yellowish, white and whitish, and finally black and blackish. It appears, however, impossible to bring this cyclis of the Aztecs into any relation with those of the Asiatics, who universally reckon according to a period of sixty years.

## DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

THE Aztecs had no beasts of draughts or burden. Horses were not found in the New World. The report of the Chinese missionary has therefore no connexion with the later Mexican reigns. Two varieties of wild oxen, with large horns, ranged in herds on the plains of the Rio del Norte,\* which might have been tamed by the earlier inhabitants, and used as domestic animals. Stags' horns have been found in the ruins of Mexican buildings; and Montezuma showed the Spaniards, as curiosities, immensely large horns of this description. It is possible that the stags formerly ranged from New California, and other regions of North America, where they are yet found in great numbers, to the interior of Mexico. To a native of China it must have seemed remarkable, that the Mexicans should have prepared butter from hinds' milk, since such a thing has seldom occurred, either in ancient or modern times, in China. When the inhabitants of Tschusan saw the English sailors milking she-goats, they could not retain their gravity. It is indeed possible that the Chinese have described an animal similar to the horse with the character *Ma*, or horse: changes of this nature are of frequent occurrence. In such a manner many names of animals in the Old World have been applied to others in the New of an entirely different nature. The eastern limits of the Asiatic continent are also the limits of the native land of the horse, and it appears that they were first taken in the third century of our era from Korea into Japan. But let the error in regard to the American horses have come from what source it will, the unprejudiced, circumspect inquirer, will not be determined on account of it to declare the entire report relating to Fusan Mexico an idle tale. It appears to me that this description of the western coast of America is at least as authentic as the account of the discovery of the western coast of America, as narrated in the Icelandic sagas.

\* CHINESE AND JAPANESE IN KAMTSCHATKA, AND THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.

A NUMBER of facts, taken from the occurrences of later times, may be alleged to support the theory of a former connection of China and Japan with the islands which lie between those countries and America, and also with the western coast of the latter. Even if the Chinese and Japanese (to whom, with their knowledge of the compass, such an enterprise would have presented no difficulties) have never at any time intentionally undertaken a voyage to America, it has nevertheless happened that ships from Eastern Asia, China and Japan, as well as those of Russians from Ochotsk and Kamtschatka,† have been cast away on

\* HUMBOLDT, *Neuhispanien*, ii., 138.

† An account of a Russian ship, cast away A.D. 1761 on the coast of California, may be found in the travels of several Jesuit missionaries in America, published by MÜLLER, Nürnberg, 1785, 337.

the islands and coasts of the New World. The earliest Spanish travellers and discoverers heard of foreign merchants who had landed on the northwest coast of America, and even assert that they saw fragments\* of a Chinese vessel. This much we know, that the crew of a Japanese junk accidentally discovered a great continent in the East, remained there over winter, and safely returned home. The Japanese have remarked† that the land extended farther to the northwest. They may have wintered in California and then coasted north as far as Alaska. Another Japanese vessel was wrecked about the end of the year 1832 on Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands, concerning which the *Hawaiian Spectator*‡ contains the following observation: 'This Japanese vessel had nine men on board, who were bringing fish from one of the southern Chinese islands to Jeddo. A storm blew them out into the open sea, where they were driven about between ten and eleven months, until they finally landed in the haven Waiala, in the island Oahu. The ship was wrecked, but the men were brought safely to Honolulu, where they remained eighteen months, and then by their own desire were sent to Kamtschatka, whence they hoped to steal quietly into their own country; for the barbarously cruel government of Japan, mindful of the artifices of the Portuguese Jesuits, and continually fearing some plot on the part of the neighboring Russians, have forbidden even the return of their own ship-wrecked countrymen. As the natives of Hawaii,' so continues the *Spectator*, 'saw these foreigners, so similar to themselves in external appearance, and in many manners and customs, they were astonished, and declared unanimously 'There is no doubt on the subject; we came from Asia.' Another example of a Japanese vessel in America, and of the unreflecting jealous policy of the Dairi, is as follows: During the winter of 1833-34 a Japanese junk was wrecked on the northwest coast of America, in the vicinity of Queen Charlotte's Island, and the numerous crew, weakened by hunger, were murdered by the natives, with the exception of two persons. The Hudson-Bay Company took charge of these unfortunate beings, and sent them in 1834 to England, whence they were forwarded to Macao.|| This was considered a fortunate event, and the English hoped that the Japanese government, mindful of this kind treatment of their subjects, would show themselves grateful, and perhaps remove the restrictions against all foreigners. In vain: the ship that was to restore to the Japanese rulers their subjects, and at the same time extend the doctrines of CHRIST in their kingdom, (Karl Gützlaff was on board,) was received with a salute of cannon—*balls*, and obliged to leave—with unfulfilled intentions, the shores of this inhospitable land. All of these facts sufficiently show that the passage of Eastern Asiatics to the western islands and shores of America is in the highest degree possible. And on the contrary, it is also possible that

\* TORQUEMADA MON. IND. iii., 7; ACOSTA, Hist. Nat. Amer. iii., 12.

† KAMPFER Geschichte von Japan, Lemgo, 1777, i., 52.

‡ HAWAIIAN SPECTATOR, i., 296, quoted in BELCHER'S Voyage Round the World, (very interesting,) London, 1843, i., 304. JARVES' History of the Sandwich Islands, London, 1843, 27. According to the tradition of the islanders, several such vessels had been wrecked upon Hawaii before the island was discovered by the whites or Europeans.

|| WASHINGTON IRVING, Rocky Mountains, ii., 240.

the inhabitants of these islands, in their weak boats, from time to time accidentally or intentionally may have landed upon the Asiatic continent. 'It is wonderful,' says the Jesuit Hieronymus d'Angelis, the first European who landed in Jesso, (A. D. 1618,) 'how bold and experienced are these people in the management of their vessels. In their frail boats they undertake voyages from two to three months' duration; and however often they may meet with wreck, still there are ever new adventurers ready to take their place and run the same risks.

THE FUTURE OF EASTERN ASIA.

THE pride and barbarism of the numerous countries situated on the coasts of Asia and America, as well as of the inhabitants of the islands lying between, have forbidden hitherto any hope of a relation, commercial or otherwise, between them and the more enlightened world. Our age, however, which has already broken through so many obstacles, never again to be closed, will ultimately break the chains of Eastern Asia, and give to the immense numbers imprisoned a 'world-movement:' (*welt bewegung*.) When this has been fully accomplished, (the beginning has already taken place,) we can first hope for a regular unbroken union between the eastern and western world.

A R E M E M B R A N C E .

BY W. H. C. ROSMER.

I.

WITHIN a sad, deserted house,  
I passed an hour of gloom;  
Behind the wainscot crawled the mouse —  
The bat was in the room:  
What heard I in that dreary house?  
The sweet, low spirit-voice of one  
Called early to the tomb.

II.

That voice was thine, my daughter dear!  
It came my heart to thrill,  
And, like an ocean-shell, mine ear  
Retains the music still:  
She said: 'Be joyous, father dear!  
Unclouded morn will break at last  
Upon a night of ill.'

III.

And I will rend the bonds that hold  
In thrall my higher powers,  
As broke the mighty man of old  
Green withes, like chains of flowers;  
Though hearts that should have loved are cold,  
And eyes flash scorn that should have beamed  
Like sunshine after showers.



## S T A N Z A S   S E T   T O   M U S I C .

ALL flowers of fragrant blowing,  
 All fruits of earth's bestowing,  
 Show with blaze of truth most glowing,  
     'God is love.'

Even storms of startling thunder  
 Clear the air they rend asunder;  
 Earth, refreshed, declares with wonder,  
     'God is love.'

All wealth of heart-stored treasure  
 Show with what o'er-running measure  
     'God is love.'

All care, all bitter sighing,  
 Ev'n the pang of loved ones dying,  
 Prove to hearts made pure with trying,  
     'God is love.'

## M Y   G R A N D F A T H E R ' S   C L O C K .

BY O. D. TIMEKEEPER, GENT.

I HAVE a peculiar affection for old clocks ; especially that sober race of puritanical clocks, with long, lank bodies, that stand so primly in the corners of rooms, slowly and discreetly ticking away the hours, as if it were a sober, solemn business, this disposing of time, as in truth it is ; and that keep their hands always before their pious faces, as if to shut out the frivolous forms and fopperies of their later days. How impertinently your new-fangled clocks appear beside them ! With what a rattle-headed jerk they tick off the minutes, as if they were impatient to come to the striking, and hear themselves jingle in their folly ! You see none of this in the good old-fashioned time-pieces. I think they abominate striking : it gives them such spasms, and they strike so slowly and fearfully, that I am sure they dread it. Then how pertly these new clocks put their hands before their faces, like silly school girls, tit-tetering at every thing they see ! Give *me* the good old-fashioned clocks, in their rich mahogany casings, that smack of the olden time ; the quaint old clocks, that look as if they had innumerable stories to tell me of my great-grandfather, who died an hundred years ago, at Salem, in 'the witch time.' I hope I am not blinded by family prejudice, but I *did* use to think that my grandfather's clock was the worthiest clock that ever ran up and down in the race with Time.

I sat by the fire-side one December night, looking full in the face of this old clock, counting its slow tickings, and wondering if it never got tired and stiff, standing there so straight and prim, and wishing all the

while that my grandfather would begin his promised story. But he seemed in no haste; for he sat in his accustomed corner, quietly smoking his pipe, and looking steadily into the glowing coals; peering, as I thought, into the changing embers to recognise the familiar forms and faces of old comrades and friends. I ventured to express this idea in a whisper to a little urchin whom my grandfather had undertaken to 'bring up,' and who now sat before the ruddy fire, trying on for the fiftieth time his first pair of boots. He said he 'thought it probable that he was;' and farther, he 'thought it sensible in the old gentleman to look there, as he knew no other place than the fire where my grandfather would be likely to find the forms of those old soldier 'nobs' with whom he had caroused in the wars.' Having relieved himself of this opinion, he carefully shut one eye for the space of half a minute, then opened it with a jerk, and went into the leather business with renewed energy. I was not a little scandalized at the impudence of the fellow, so I sat perfectly still, and relinquished my idea.

As I said before, my grandfather seemed in no hurry to commence his story, so I sat quite quiet, communing with my old friend the clock. I do n't know but I might have continued to gaze at its honest face until this time, had it not suddenly stopped ticking, and distinctly winked at me! Yes, 'Old KNICK,' that old clock *winked at me*; not lewdly, as is but too common now-a-days, but solemnly and drowsily; not once, but twice, thrice, four times; and then it nodded; and what with nodding and winking, at length I lost sight of it entirely.

When I opened my eyes again, methought I saw a long baronial hall, with a polished oaken floor, and quaint oaken panelling, and thick oaken cornices round the ceiling; and then there were huge antlers nailed upon the walls, and prim, stately pictures starting out from the oaken wainscoting, and a great fire-place on one side, with a roaring fire in it, that sent dancing and flickering lights and shadows upon the polished panels, and played fantastic tricks with the old paintings, making them wave and quiver, and nod to one another in the most familiar and friendly manner. I assure you, Sir, I could hardly believe the evidence of my own senses when I saw that there was a goodly company of old-fashioned clocks assembled there. There were fat old oaken clocks, plethoric gentlemen, who wheezed and talked with difficulty; and there were slim mahogany clocks, prim stately ladies of the old school, who tossed their haughty heads, and 'bridled up,' and made sweeping courtesies, when the old gentlemen saluted them and facetiously asked 'how time went with 'em.' And then there were brazen-faced and solemn-faced and wooden-headed looking clocks; but they all bustled about and chatted and gossiped, in a truly wonderful manner for such ancient people. My grandfather's clock was there, and a gallant sprig of a beau he was. His puritanical manner had quite disappeared; he talked a great deal, and cut a great many jokes, and paid such pointed attentions to a blooming widow of a clock, that he kept her breast in a continual flutter. Ah! his attentions were almost scandalous; such as I never should have suspected of the staid old clock who used to stand in my grandfather's kitchen, and tell the church time on Sunday mornings!

Just at this moment there was a great bustle at the farther end of the hall, and in stalked a gentleman whom I knew immediately by his scythe and gray beard, for I had seen a picture of him in the primer only the day before. He bustled into the centre of the hall, and said, in quite a cheerful voice for so old a man, 'The company must n't lose time!'—at which pleasantry all the clocks smiled. Then he took a bunch of keys from his girdle, and stepping up to one of the clocks, thrust it into his breast and turned it for some time; at which liberty the clock looked indignant, and made a chuckling noise, and seemed as if about to strike; but he thought better of it, and did n't. When the old gentleman had visited all the company in like manner, he stepped to one side of the room and cried out that 'now that they were wound up, they could go;' at which all the clocks smiled again, as if old Time had 'come a good turn' on 'em. And now there was a great bowing and scraping among the clocks, and finally they all took their places on the floor and moved slowly off—'tick, tick, tick'—in the measure of the contra-dance. Forward and back, slowly, up and down, stately, vis-à-vis, this wheezy old gentleman balancing to that trim matron opposite, and that sleepy-looking clock at the farther end of the room hob-nobbing to himself, forgetting time and tune. Tick, tick!—Mahoganies change; my grandfather's clock and the blooming widow down the middle and up the outside; down the outside and up the middle; bless her! how her heart palpitated, and how amorously the old fellow eyed her! Ah, I fear he had but a sorry character in his youthful days, when he was nothing but a watch! Still, up and down, over and back (they kept wonderful time for such old people), until the Oaks got out of breath and the Mahoganies looked red in the face. Then they stopped and gathered into little groups, and began to be facetious and witty. One old fellow remarked that he felt nearly 'run down;' at which the gentlemen smothered their laughter, and the ladies grew redder in the face, and looked out of the window; for it reminded them of 'running down at the heel,' and 'heel' was n't exactly a proper word to use in the presence of high-born dames.

After a little time they took their places for a Scotch reel, and my grandfather's clock was just swinging his partners off in gallant style, when the hall-door burst open, and in rushed a jauntly rabble of modern clocks! They came in laughing and chattering like magpies. They all had short bodies and slim legs, which they dangled about curiously, looking like a troupe of modern ballet-dancers. The old clocks were quite shocked at the indecent spectacle, and with a haughty step they all moved out of the room, except my grandfather's, who stood looking angrily at them. Zounds! what a clatter and bustle there was there! How the young clocks hopped and danced through the cotillion! Right and left, hurry and tumble, short bodies and slim legs—how they flew round one another and round themselves! Up and down, and off in tangents; and how they giggled and tittered, and could n't have stood still if they were going to be burnt. And then, when they came to the jig, whew! how they 'went it!'—rat-a-ta-tat! each one 'going in to win'—and how the merry bells of each one jingled and rattled, keeping time to the clattering feet on the oaken floor! My

grandfather's clock could stand it no longer, so he strode firmly up to the dancers and exclaimed, 'ONE !'

When I looked up, my grandfather had his hand on the bed-room door-latch. He had told his story, and I had missed it. Reader, so have you ; but if I 'm so sleepy another time, you may call my grandfather a tory !

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S T A N Z A S .

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'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,'

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I.

We have forgot what we have been,  
And what we are we little know ;  
We fancy new events begin,  
But all has happened long ago.

II.

Through many a verse life's poem flows,  
But still, though seldom marked by men,  
At times returns the constant close ;  
Still the old chorus comes again.

III.

The childish grief — the boyish fear —  
The hope in manhood's breast that burns ;  
The doubt — the transport and the tear —  
Each mood, each impulse, oft returns.

IV.

Before mine infant eyes had hailed  
The new-born glory of the day,  
When the first wondrous morn unveiled  
The breathing world that round me lay :

V.

The same strange darkness o'er my brain  
Folded its close, mysterious wings,  
The ignorance of joy or pain,  
That each recurring midnight brings.

VI.

Full oft my feelings make me start,  
Like foot-prints on some desert shore,  
As if the chambers of my heart  
Had heard their shadowy step before.

VIII.

So, looking into thy fond eyes,  
Strange memories come to me, as though  
Somewhere — perchance in Paradise —  
I had adored thee long ago.

T. W. F.

## P E M M A Q U I D   L I G H T .

BY WILLIAM BEZCHER GLAZIER.

WINDETH the white and dusty way  
O'er uplands green, by low-roofed homes,  
Through forests where in sunniest day  
Naught but a sleepy darkness comes.

Behind us lies the busy town,  
Beside us flows the broad blue stream,  
Before us fields asleep and brown  
Of many a future harvest dream.

The hamlet and its noisy mill,  
The valley and the sloping lea,  
Fly past us ; we have reached the hill ;  
Its top is gained, and lo ! the sea.

But not without a struggle yields  
Earth to her foe the right to reign ;  
See where her hosts still bear their shields ;  
See where the Isles defy the Main.

Oh, gallant band ! your brows are worn  
With the perpetual strife of years,  
And but one sound from ye is borne :  
Your laugh at Ocean's angry tears !

The waves are down, the wind has ceased,  
The surging swells from foam are free,  
And in the far and hazy east  
The sky is melted in the sea.

And, nearer yet, at anchor ride  
The sturdy plunderers of the main ;  
I see the clear and glassy tide  
Flash back each rope, each mast again.

Within this rough and rocky reach  
The little waves come up and play ;  
The round, worn stones that line the beach  
Are hardly sprinkled with their spray.

White as the angel-wing of Hope,  
Firm as the rock from which it springs,  
The Light-House crowns the rocky slope,  
And o'er the sea its far glance flings.

Oh, lone, pale watcher ! when the night  
Came on with hissing sleet and storm,  
How hath the sailor hailed thy light,  
How hath he blessed thine unseen form !

What hast thou seen, what hast thou heard,  
When wintry waves have talked with thee?  
Had not the winds a taunting word?  
Were there no voices in the sea?

It may be, but thou answerest not;  
To-day, with thine unwakened eye,  
Thou hast in thy stern sleep forgot  
The smiles or frowns of sea or sky.

Thus thought I on that summer day,  
When, with companions warm and true,  
Upon those surf-beat rocks I lay  
And gazed out o'er the waters blue.

*Newcastle (Mc.), August 20, 1850.*

#### THE AMERICAN THREE DAYS OF JULY.

THERE are two phases of revolution, equally dangerous to existing governments, but widely different in character and in the magnitude of their results. The one is short, sanguinary and unlooked for: The other sure and effectual, but the work of time. The one comes like the wild crash of the avalanche, overwhelming every thing in its desolating track: the other resembles the course of the noble river, rolling majestically onward to mingle its waters with the ocean.

Each is a type of national character; and no events are so impressive, no synchronisms so startling, as those which display in vivid contrast the glorious effulgence marking the accomplishment of the one, and the worse than chaotic darkness which shrouds the issue of the other.

France emerged from the confusion of her first revolutionary period a shattered and dismantled hulk, tossed to and fro on the angry waves of change. Unmindful of the fiery ordeal through which they had been forced to pass, her people suffered their frail barge to drift where'er it might, unpiloted save by stranger hands. Wandering through the labyrinthine paths of reform, they never reached the Pisgah from whose welcome summit they could survey the enchanting prospect which imagination had depicted. The Republic passed along the stage with its crimes, its fearful orgies, its countless horrors, and the dazzling era of the empire gave place at length to the Second Restoration. The scenes of the past fifty years had all been vainly acted; and while marble column and colossal statue commemorated the warrior's deeds and the patriot's death, the living could only boast of a recompense as valueless. The charter, that gift wrung from the hard hands of royalty, became the Frenchman's heritage. How natural that he should idolize its privileges, purchased as they were at an immense sacrifice of blood and treasure! Who but an idiot or a Bourbon could disregard the instructive lessons so often and so fatally repeated? But oaths were forgotten, royal pledges violated, and



Charles the Tenth drank to the dregs the bitter draught which his own hands had mized.

Then came the 'Three Days of July,' memorable days for France. In that brief space, all love for kingly prerogative was obliterated, all reverence for authority uprooted from the national mind. Instead of appeals and remonstrances, angry cries of defiance rent the air, and the thrilling strains of the Marseilles Hymn echoed clarion-like through the streets of Paris. The government of the barricades became the government of France, without one element of perpetuity or adaptation to the national life. That struggle, that government, those three days, with their brilliant concourse of events, exemplify too faithfully the headlong, injudicious impetuosity of those who use no weapon but the sword against oppression.

America chose the better part, for she too can boast her 'three days of July,' days glorious indeed, and marked on history's pages with no bloody stain. The Anglo-Saxon hardihood that wrested magna charter from King John, suffered nothing by a trans-atlantic pilgrimage. It upheld in feeble infancy, and has preserved in vigorous youth, 'Time's last and noblest empire.' Years before the ties which bound us to the mother country were forever sundered, colonial union had knit together every section, and made all interests alike. The colonists, as if guided by prophetic inspiration, were unconsciously fanning the flame which was to set all Europe in a blaze. They banded together for mutual defence and mutual protection. They gave the hand of fellowship to each other, swearing to preserve inviolate the league which they had made. The 'Fourth of July,' 1754, witnessed the consummation of this happy union. Our government was then like the statue of Pygmalion, beautiful and lifeless, wanting only the spark of independence to lighten up that cold but heavenly form. Slowly, patiently and unrepiningly, the faithful laborers in a holy cause toiled on. They had planted in its bed the broad foundation stone, but they lacked the fabled power of Eastern Genii to raise at will the stately column, majestic dome and well-proportioned arch. They comprehended every danger and calculated every cost ere the bold plunge was made into the unfathomed ocean of futurity. The spectacle of archons, consuls, doges, wielding the tyrant's sceptre under the cloak of liberty, had made its due impression. Before the strong and steady sunlight of federal sovereignty the uncertain flame of the English constitution and the glare of the 'fierce democracie' 'paled their ineffectual fires.' Doubt, wavering and misgivings changed to the stern, inflexible resolve, and on the 'Fourth of July,' 1776, the Rubicon of our national destiny was crossed. Twenty-two years had elapsed since the period of colonial union, and now the second of the days of July had passed, bearing with it the last lingering traces of colonial vassalage.

The war of the revolution ended, the right of distinctive nationality was acknowledged, and the confederation stood before the world a living, breathing giant, bound to a corrupt and loathsome form. The States had in an unbroken phalanx battled against a common foe: they had sacrificed every prejudice and paltry jealousy on the altar of patriotism, supporting with unfaltering loyalty the continental cause. But, that enemy prostrate and that cause victorious, their triumph still was

unsubstantial and illusive. The frail federative league held them suspended above the gulf of civil strife, a sad and sickening spectacle, until they were o'ershadowed by the protecting *Ægis* of the constitution. The rich treasure-house of the past was open, and all that was excellent and good they culled, discarding every corroding vice and cumbersome adornment. With bold hearts nerved for the perilous achievement, the fathers of the republic gathered around the council-board. Hand-in-hand they labored, one pure, unselfish purpose governing chieftain, sage and statesman. On the 'Fourth of July', 1787, Randolph's resolutions, as the basis of the constitution, were referred to a committee. The third of the days of July had come, the last crowning act was completed, and the stately edifice towered in majestic grandeur, a model for all coming time.

The American 'Three days of July' are parts of our nation's history: they are epochs to which after generations can point with pride and exultation. Glorious beyond compare, because they show that America mistook not the lurid glare of the meteor of revolution for the star of freedom; glorious in the sanctifying, hallowing radiance reflected by the dying blessings of three honored Presidents of the Republic to whose great names another has just been added by the mysterious dispensation which has clad the land in the habiliments of woe. Glorious beyond our poor conception, for God's overruling providence is plainly pictured there. Time cannot erase them from memory's tablet. The gatherer of the lore of ages, the warrior chieftan, the crown-encircled monarch die and are forgotten. Nature herself teaches forgetfulness; the battle-field forgets the blood sprinkled upon its turf; the sky forgets the storm; and the water the noon-day sun that slept upon its bosom. But the heralds of an empire's birth are saved from such a fate; saved, even if the sun of America's glory should sink in eternal night. There they are, bright jewels in the casket which contains our national annals; there they will remain while the gorgeous ensign of the republic floats over land and sea, undimmed, untarished, unscathed by the touch of Time, until its mission ended, it shall be furled beneath that spotless banner of the cross, which angel hands shall plant above the banners of all nations of the earth, upon the towers of heaven.

J. H. S.

*Wilmington, (Delaware.)*


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LOVE WITHOUT A HOME.

My Love which to and fro was driven,  
 Like frightened dove by hawk oppress'd,  
 Has reach'd, she fondly hoped, her nest  
 Within a bower, which seemed a heaven.  
 Poor little dove! hope sternly wasted!  
 No other fate could be so sad!  
 A glimpse of home was all she had,  
 When by the lightning's stroke 't was blasted.  
 Ah! now she wanders as of old,  
 Flutters, poor thing, 'tween earth and heaven,  
 No place invites her wing to fold;  
 That heart whose pity, kindly given,  
 Might be as once her shel'ring haven,  
 Beats now for her on earth no more.

## A P R A I R I E S I G H T .

Oh! boundless sea of living green !  
How many souls have wandered o'er  
The surface of thy grassy wave,  
And found its swell a lonely grave,  
Wherein to sleep for evermore !

I look upon the painted flower ;  
I gaze upon each fairy ring  
Which marks the spot where dropped a tear,  
While some lost angel hovered near,  
A moment on her shining wing.

I listen to the lark's wild song,  
And turn to where some gushing rill  
Meanders from a woodland belt,  
And laughs, as if it ne'er had felt  
Necessity for being still.

A thousand swelling lays I catch,  
I note a thousand blending hues :  
A thousand perfumes floating by  
Entrance my senses as I try  
To win soft measures from my muse.

But all in vain ! My mood is sad !  
I strive but cannot smile ; and now  
A trembling steals through every limb,  
Wild fancies in my vision swim,  
Cold drops of sweat roll down my brow.

To chase such dreamings from my brain,  
I leave the camp-trail far behind ;  
And humming, as I ride alone,  
Some love-lay in an under tone,  
Through scented pea-beds slowly wind.

And bring my jaded horse at last  
To where a tuft of bull-grass grows :  
He madly leaps aside ; a bone  
Lies parching in the sun, chance-thrown,  
Upon a blooming prairie-rose.

Deep-stained by mould, with here and there,  
Small pieces ground and crumbled fine ;  
As if a strong and savage jaw  
Had feasted on the frame before  
Decay could trace its blueish line.

I turn to fly ! It seems to move !  
A trembling half-starved prairie-mouse  
Has made her nest within the ring,  
(Where marrow once lay festering,)  
From feathers of the mountain grouse !

A human skull is bleaching near ;  
 Six grinning teeth the sockets show :  
 A hole is crushed between the eyes ;  
 A feathered arrow by it lies,  
 And not far-off, a broken bow.

Was it a deed of violence ?  
 Or did gaunt Famine strike him down ?  
 To be assured, I stoop apace,  
 And searching very closely, trace  
 The scalp-knife's circle on the crown !

God save me from a fate like this !  
 'T is nature's law that man must die !  
 But when I hear that trumpet call,  
 I wish to say, 'good-by' to all,  
 And name the spot where I shall lie !

*New-Orleans, August, 1850.*

MENDELLE.

## INGLESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

EDITED BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

WE were all seated before the study fire. Two opulent candles burned on the mantel-piece, and the solar glowed behind us on the table. The cards were untouched, and the wine stood neglected in the half-drained glasses. Only the light clouds of cigar-smoke were moved with gaiety, and they seemed half melancholy as they streamed up in spiral lines, and dipped again in broad thin waves toward the fire, and then, half hesitating, shot up the chimney-throat together.

On the left the Doctor and the Parson were equal monarchs of the great sofa. The Lieutenant, with his gold-headed cane, mused in the rocking-chair to the right. Wrapped in flannels, a skeleton in the easy-chair sat shivering, directly in front of the red fire, a mockery of the 'Squire's former self; yet he held in his thin fingers a genuine Trabuno, now and then raising it to his lips, as if in token of the love he bore it, even on the brink of the grave.

'I think you *will* die easily,' answered the Doctor.

'God grant you may !' said the Parson.

'I hope so,' faintly sighed the 'Squire.

'What is the use of dying at all ?' ejaculated the Lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders, and showing his firm, white teeth, with a comical, yet thoughtful smile.

We all smiled, and then the smile grew to a hearty laugh at the suddenness of his grim humor, for he had scarcely spoken before.

'Why trifle with the decrees of PROVIDENCE ?' said the Parson, recovering himself.

'Trifle ? I am *not* trifling,' answered the Lieutenant, gravely. 'You clergymen send as many people prematurely into 'kingdom come' as

the very doctors themselves. They help on the work, and you finish it. Between you both, scarce a gray scalp in a thousand adorns the trophy-belt of the old scare-crow Thanatos. Disease comes, and then drugs; and while the body is bathed in lassitude, *you* come and enervate the soul, bidding a man yield himself quietly to the 'Decrees of PROVIDENCE,' and make him think the battle lost, and that nothing is left but to yield at discretion. That's not the way armies are saved in peril. If you counselled so on the field, you would be tied hand and foot, and swung over your horse, under guard, to be shot with the next rising sun. I counsel Jack to fight every inch in his retreat; and if at last he is cut down, let him die handsomely — stuck in the *breast*, and not run through the *back*! If, however, his heart is a milk-pot, I don't care *how* he dies, or *when*.'

'I only wish, instead of poor Jack, I had *you* for a patient, Lieutenant; if I would n't take the pride out of you, I'm no doctor,' said the Doctor.

'I half wish you *were* in Jack's place, Lieutenant, and then you would show more Christian humility,' said the Parson.

'Very likely,' answered the Lieutenant; 'and while one cupped my chest, the other would cup my soul, I suppose; and I should soon find myself in Charon's boat, compounding, in the stern-sheets, a sop for dainty Cerberus. When I feel sick, blessed little will I have to do with either of you, unless you promise to bring prescriptions neither for soul nor body.'

'Would you die like a Pagan?' asked the Parson.

'No; I would die like a *man*!' answered the Lieutenant, rather tartly.

'You'd die like a dog, I guess,' said the Doctor, 'if you shut your mouth against physic.'

'And your heart against religion,' chimed in the Parson.

'You are worse than a brace of Florida mosquitoes,' said the Lieutenant; 'but for all that, I'll have my say, and you shall hear it out. If you would show half the energy in keeping people out of the grave that you do in fighting an idea, you would both reach celebrity in a twelve-month; the one for successful practice, and the other for true religion; common-sense being at the bottom in both cases. Energy is the best doctor and the best priest. It will preach, and practise too, better than either of you. And speaking of 'Florida mosquitoes' touches the point.

'When I was in the 'Everglades,' I led out a picked scouting-party some two miles from camp, and not finding any trace of Indians, or of the three men and blood-hound we had lost the day before, was quietly on my return, when all at once, as we were passing single file through a hammock of sycamores, some of my men dropped before me, as if struck by lightning; while the crack of half-a-dozen rifles told the reason why, although, except this, neither eye nor ear could detect the enemy. Involuntarily I gave the word to halt; but knowing that with my reduced force it would be worse than folly to turn at bay against a hidden foe, I ordered 'quick march,' leaving the poor fellows struggling in the death-agony; and although it was not a run, yet I did a

piece of the most lofty walking after those six men that I ever did in my life, before or since ——.’

‘*Speaking of mosquitoes,*’ interrupted the Doctor, quietly wiping his gold spectacles, without looking up.

The ‘Squire smiled, and smothered a cough in his handkerchief, and the Parson actually tittered; but the Lieutenant went on.

‘We had gone some two hundred, or two hundred and fifty yards, when I heard a heavy breathing behind me, and as I cocked my short double rifle, and wheeled around, who should I find, within ten yards of me, on the full run, but one of the men we had left writhing in the hammock. He carried his musket in his right hand, while the other arm dangled from his side like a wet rope, the blood fairly spirting down the sleeve-wrist. He fell just before he reached us, exhausted with fatigue and pain and loss of blood.

‘I can see that man now — *man* in the most masculine and heroic sense — his dark cheek pale, his lips bloodless and compressed, and his heavy brow pressing down on his closed eyes. No groan escaped him. Only the measured and almost convulsive heaving of his full chest betokened life. I felt a new thrill. Dead or alive, that noble fellow should be carried into camp, or I would sacrifice my own life, and the lives of my men! Such is the caprice of human feeling. Twenty minutes before, I had left him and his companions without a thought, except of saving the lives of the unwounded: and now for *one*, nearer dead than ever, all care for safety was drowned, and I felt nothing but compassion and the spirit of deadly revenge.

‘Scattering my little force, to skulk behind the trees and be ready for the red rascals in their own style, I dragged the poor fellow behind a wild orange, to staunch his wounds; and ripping up his coat and shirt-sleeve with my dirk, was surprised to find that his arm was not broken. A rifle-ball had passed through the muscles just above the elbow, and severed a large vein. A twist or two of my handkerchief stopped the blood there, and I set about finding what the matter was elsewhere; for that wound could not have swelled his arm so frightfully, and made him grate his teeth as he did from the moment I touched it. I gave him a swallow of brandy, not daring to let him drink freely, for those green solitudes were like an oven that day — absolutely stifling. Ripping down his coat and shirt together, I laid his shoulder bare, and just behind the collar-bone found a wad of silk protruding, which he had stuffed into a bullet-hole. The blood was effectually staunched, but the whole shoulder was swelled and livid.

‘‘This is not the first time you have been *shot in the neck*?’ said I.

‘‘No, Sir,’ said he; ‘but do just dig that ‘strawberry’ out of my back, for it burns like a live coal.’

‘‘Out of your back,’ said I; ‘why that bullet is safe in your lungs, long ago.’

‘‘I feel it in my *back*, Lieutenant, and if your ‘tooth-pick’ is sharp, I want the d — d thing out.’

‘At it I went. The direction which the stopple indicated tallied with the poor fellow’s notion, and in a few seconds I came to the conclusion that the ball, if not in his lungs, must be lodged under the shoulder-



blade. That part was more horribly discolored than the rest; and knowing that any thing was preferable to the agony he then suffered, I made a lunge, and happily struck the ball, on the under edge of the bone, and pulled it out with my fore-finger. I waited till the blood assumed the true color, and ramming the wound tight with lint, bathed the whole shoulder some time with brandy, fastened his coat and shirt over it, as best I could, and told him to sit up. And he did sit up, and thanked me into the bargain.

“Now that you are able,” said I, “just tell me how you got off safe from the red-skins, for I thought you had all got your death-warrants signed, sealed and delivered?”

“I thought I *was* dead!” said he, “when you marched off, and the other men, and no mistake. I felt you turn me over, and heard you say: ‘Dead as the devil!’ but I could n’t stir, and gave myself up for a dead man. In about a minute, and while I could still hear the hollow tramping of your feet in the distance, my eyes came open of themselves, and I began to think I was not quite dead after all. So I tried to halloo, but my tongue would n’t go off; and then I tried to get up, but I was on my left side, and had to roll over, and then, after a little coaxing, managed to gain my legs. Picking up my piece, and cocking it with my foot, I stirred the bodies of my comrades, and finding them wholly dead, *put* after you as fast as my two legs could go, and had got off some fifty or sixty rods, when I heard a ‘whoop,’ and felt a bullet strike my left arm. Half way here I stumbled and fell, and then began to pray, for I imagined my scalp would be at the belt of some young ‘brave’ in less than no time. But while I was praying, I kind o’ thought that God would n’t help me if I didn’t help myself; so I stopped, tore off a strip of my handkerchief with my teeth, and stuffed it into my shoulder. I grew faint, and the blood kept spouting up over my collar; so I out with my ramrod, and with the small end rammed away at the piece of silk till I *rammed it home*, and then started again ‘full chisel.’ Here I am, safe and sound, after a fashion; and when I get rested, I am going to pray again.”

“Praying won’t save you, I am afraid,” said I. “A man can’t stand it long here in this hot swamp, with his shoulder half mortified, to be gin with; and we’ve got a good mile yet to get into camp.”

“I can stand a good deal yet,” said he.

“Very well,” said I. Ordering the men from their skulk, they broke a litter of boughs, and we were soon on our march; the litter, borne by four stout shoulders, in the van, the other two men in the centre, and the Lieutenant bringing up the rear. The poor fellow fainted once, after a hard jolt, and I gave him a little more brandy.

“I’m afraid you *will* die,” said I.

“Die?” said he, through his teeth; “die? I’ll be d——d if I do!”

“No doubt of *that*,” said I; “but had n’t you better ‘get rested’ pretty soon, and pray, as you said you would?”

“Beg your pardon, Lieutenant; I *am* a hard case, that ’s a fact; but I’ll bet a month’s pay, and liquor rations to boot, that I shall be just as well off in ‘kingdom come’ as if I had all my life *served God through my nose!*”

'He kept his word, and did n't die. Ten days after, he was on his feet, doing duty. The surgeon found a rifle-bullet—'mashed strawberry,' the gallant fellow termed it—flattened on the top of his skull! The Indians fired from the trees on us, which I did not know at the time; but 'thereby hangs a tale.' I have been prosy enough; but the Doctor and the Parson deserve the infliction.'

'That fellow had good nerves,' said the Doctor.

'Ah, yes, but he was a scoffer!' said the Parson.

'And profane person!' coughed the 'Squire, who thereupon painfully rose from his easy-chair, and going to the walnut secretary, brought back a packet tied with red tape, which he opened, and from it carefully poked a sealed paper into the red coals of the glowing grate.

The 'Squire, while folding his flannel gown more closely around him and sitting down, glanced with a fidgetty look at a few scrawled and irregular characters on the inside of the envelope, which he retained in his hand. It drew our attention; and we perceived stealing over his pale and sunken cheek 'the ghost of a blush,' as 'Peter Von Geist' would say, the which as rapidly departed.

'What have you there?' said we all.

'Nothing; that is, nothing worth keeping,' said he; 'and yet I hate to burn it. The truth is, I sometimes indulge in rhymes; and although they are generally flung in the fire as soon as written, yet, once in a long while, I have laid one by to smile at in a lazy hour. If the Parson will look at this trifle, and judge whether it becomes a man so near his end to dwell even for a moment on so light a thing, he may read it to you, if he will.'

While the Parson was laboriously deciphering the manuscript, now turning it one way and now another, the 'Squire succeeded in stifling a coughing-fit, sipped a little wine, and re-lighted his Trabuno.

'I like it well enough, as a merely innocent worldly thing,' said the Parson; 'but I *do* think a devotional *hymn* would have come better from you. I am not an ascetic, nor an enthusiast of any stamp; yet it were meet that even with his pen a dying man should point toward the heavenly shores. God claims our thoughts at all times, but especially while we are robing for the tomb.'

'I see, I see,' replied the 'Squire; 'but perhaps there is no great difference between us. A devotional hymn I could not have written at the time I wrote that; but I look upon all true poetry as holy. If the poet's soul is pure, he cannot write any thing to offend the great BEING who gave the gift of poetry. Think you indeed that He does not prefer the free and happy warble of the thoughtless bird a thousand-fold to the dull verse of half your hymn-grinders, and the nasal roar with which he is regaled in half your Sabbath-worship? I know you do. I know you are not an ascetic, nor an enthusiast; and I therefore know how you look on these things when you give them thought. I do not claim the title of poetry for the little thing you hold, but I *do* claim that the frame of mind which gave birth to it was just as holy, and just as acceptable to the DIVINE FATHER, as the best hymn you ever saw; more so than fifty in a hundred that grace most 'collections.' I will wager a hamper of true 'Johannisburg,' if the truth can be got

at, that Watts wrote most of his famous hymns under the inspiration of a severe belly-ache.

'Those careless lines of mine were penned last fall on the reception of a 'curt notelet' from DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER THE YOUNGER, dated at 'Dobb, his Ferry,' and indited in the red juice of the scoke, or poke-berry, the *phytolacca decandra* of science. He had squeezed this 'extemporaneous ink' with his own hand, plucked the berries with his own hand, on the shores of Tappaan Zee; and thoughts kindred to those *he* felt swelled in my own bosom. DIEDRICH's heart was beating anew in the breast of boyhood, I ween. He drew in large and bracing draughts of the October air; the broad bay was now become a sweet, small lake, wherein were painted in warm reflection the clear autumn sky, the round western sun, the forest boughs, blazing with gold and crimson, the spire of a church, seen dimly afar down in the limpid wave, wild-fowl along the shores, or speeding across the sky, while to his ear came the tinkle of sheep-bells, the far-off lowing of kine, the chirp of the squirrel darting here and there among the tree-tops, the dropping of nuts on the rustling floor of the woods, the crack of the sportsman's rifle echoed from the hills, and on his shoulder leaned one, loved better than himself (now, alas! serenely sleeping under the violets), dreaming with boyhood's rapture the dreams that made him POET in after years; glad, pure, kind-hearted, generous, genial 'OLLAPOD!' These, or like them, were DIEDRICH's sad, sweet, electric, *amber-colored* fancies, while he dipped his pen and wrote; and when his scarlet missive reached the 'Squire, it wrapped *him* also in visions sweet; erased cold, intervening years; led him to Green Brook's grassy brim, to Pine Hill's glorious summits; spread before his swimming eye the village green, the church, the old red school-house, with its ink-bespattered walls within, now desecrated, alas! with modern paper-hangings; the merry ball-play up on Furnace Hill; faces that shone with youth's health and truthfulness, now scattered, some east and west and south and o'er the wide, wide sea, and some that long ago paled and grew to marble and fled beneath the yew! But not too sad was that swift vision; nay, if there were an evening tinge that flecked it, it was that of a glowing sunset, soft, mellow and entrancing. Such, Mr. Parson, was the holy trance of feeling that brimmed my heart and overflowed in rhyme.'

The Parson made no reply, but read to us

A RED-LETTER LYRIC.

BY JOHN INGIE.

A LITTLE bird sings in my ear,  
With voice triumphant, sweet and clear,  
'Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!'

Whence the bird comes I cannot say,  
But ever it sings, by night and day,  
Now overhead, now far away,  
'Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!'

No one listens, only me;  
No other the little bird can see;  
And its note is soft and full and free,  
And now in my ear rings merrily,  
'Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!'

Full of delight, I shut my eyes,  
Dreaming old dreams that you despise,  
While softly and sweetly the little bird cries  
'Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!'

Then up in my heart there springs  
A picture vast of forgotten things,  
As if it came on the little bird's wings,  
Painted before me while it sings  
'Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!'

A lovely face, well known of old,  
Smiles through tresses of waving gold:  
'Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!'

And a voice is whispering, sweet and low,  
Something that sets my heart a-glow;  
The echo of something I whispered low:  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

Down by the brook I wander now,  
And bend for a swing the beechen bough:  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

Listing the partridge’s autumn drum,  
And the wild-bee’s consecrated hum:  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

Or watch the thistle-down up in the sky,  
And the screaming hawk swift sailing by,  
And little of care or pain have I!  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

Then I use for a mirror the dancing brook,  
And paint my face till I think I look  
Like the grim old Indian in the book:  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

And hie me, at last, so late to school,  
That ‘the master’ ferules me a ‘fool,’  
With the box-wood and not the golden rule:  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

Ah, that old school-house, painted red!  
The ‘afternoon’ at length has sped,  
As if borne by the steeds of Diomed,  
And the truant ‘fool’ is ‘up at the head!’  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

And home we go, a shouting crew,  
The knots in the fences stoning through,  
And scaring the stage with our ‘hullaballoo!’  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

Gather the clouds in the gorgeous West,  
Sinks the broad sun to his evening rest, [drest:  
Down the woods which the harlequin Frost has  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

And when Sleep’s starry curtain falls,  
And I walk her grand, unearthly halls,  
Still in my ear the little bird calls  
‘Sooke-berry! Sooke-berry!’

‘To the ‘Old Knick,’ with it!’ said the Doctor.  
‘It is hardly a godly rhyme, so it *may* be well to destroy it,’ said  
the Parson.

‘P’shaw!’ said the Lieutenant; ‘do n’t you ‘*smoke*?’’

The Parson looked confused.

Hereupon the clock struck the half-hour; the ‘Squire’s hand was  
squeezed ‘Good-night;’ and the Lieutenant, loitering a second or two  
by the table, leaned over the back of the easy chair and whispered in  
his ear: ‘What was it, Jack, you threw in the fire?’

‘My *will*!’ answered he.

‘Then you are *not* going to die yet a-while, I see!’

‘Die?—I’ll be d——d if I do!’ said the ‘Squire, energetically,  
and aloud.

‘Whew!’ whistled the Doctor in the entry-way.

‘Have n’t any doubt of *that*!’ soliloquised the Parson, while draw-  
ing on his red ‘Canadas.’

‘*Speaking of mosquitoes!*’ said the Lieutenant quietly to them both,  
as they shut the front-door and went out into the snow.

#### ANACREONTIC STANZAS.

Σὸ μὲν φίλη χελιδὼν.

In the spring the swallow cometh,  
Makes her nest and dwells awhile;  
Autumn darkens, and she roameth  
Off to Memphis and the Nile:  
Ah! unlike the friendly swallow  
Is the love within my breast;  
Building, brooding, and abiding,  
It will never give me rest.

I am vainly waiting, watching  
For the troubler to depart:  
Ah! I feel the young loves hatching;  
How they flutter at my heart!  
She is flown, the friendly swallow,  
But the love within my breast,  
Ever brooding, spring and winter,  
Never will forsake the nest.

*The Antique Goblet.*

BY CURTIS GUILD.

## I.

HAIL ! massy old relic of years that have flown,  
Of those merry old days that forever have gone,  
When the bright gleaming bubbles that merrily swim  
Have circled within thee and foamed at thy brim :  
How oft in those old feudal times, at the board  
Where sparkling in light the red liquor was poured,  
And the armor and banners all hung on the wall,  
In the flash of the torches that lighted the hall.

## II.

The knights and retainers were gathered around,  
And loud doth the peal of their revelry sound ;  
While the stout feudal baron, the chief of the band,  
Hath raised thee, old goblet ! on high in his hand :  
The feast and the revel, the shout and the laugh,  
The pledge of the gallants o'er wine that they quaff,  
The clink of the goblets together that shine,  
As the knights raise their cups with 'Success to the vine !'

## III.

Then high at the head of the table doth stand,  
With a smile on his lip and the cup in his hand,  
The baron — the brave feudal baron of old,  
Who drinks with his knights and retainers so bold :  
But hark ! the wild sound of the revel has ceased,  
And hushed for a while is the din of the feast :  
'T is the voice of the minstrel whose melody rings,  
'T is his magical touch that sweeps over the strings.

## IV.

Now sweetly he chants the soft music of love,  
And the strains die away in the rafters above ;  
Then changing the measure, of battle he sings,  
Till the hall with the shout of the battle-field rings ;  
Or when in sad numbers the sound of the dirge  
Peals in deep solemn tone, like the moan of the surge,  
Till waked from its sadness, the livelier strain  
Flows on in glad measure of music again.

## V.

How oft at such revels, old cup ! hast thou been ?  
O, wouldst thou could tell of the sights thou hast seen !  
Of the dark-bearded mouths that have pressed at thy rim,  
Or the red lip of beauty that breathed at its brim :  
Perchance thou hast held the dark poisonous draught  
Which the victim of tyrants or treachery quaffed,  
And e'en while a moment upheld in his grasp  
The cold hand of death has unloosened his clasp.

## VI.

Or perchance, by the sick, all pallid with pain,  
 Thou hast held the pure nectar that cheered them again;  
 In the hand of the maiden, the grasp of the knight,  
 And glowing with deep rosy wine in the light:  
 All, all hast thou seen, as ages have flown  
 And left thee, old goblet! still gleaming alone;  
 And those that have drained thee, the young and the brave,  
 Have passed and have vanished; gone down to the grave!

## VII.

And the deeds of the brave feudal barons of yore,  
 They glimmer but faintly in history's lore;  
 Their battles, their feasts, their retainers so true,  
 Have faded away from our memories too:  
 But I'll think, as I gaze on this massy old cup,  
 Of those merry old days when the knights took it up,  
 And from it a bumper I'll drain with a cheer  
 To the knights of old times and their memories dear!

*Boston, August 21, 1850.*

## SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MONTGOMERY D. FARNER, U. S. C.

LEAVING our kind friends at St. Paul de Loando, who during the whole of our stay had treated us with the greatest attention, we replenished our sea stock of fruit by large drafts upon the orange boats, which come off in fleets to pay us a parting call (and *to be paid* some of good old 'Uncle Sam's dollars), and were soon standing out of the harbor, with a fair wind, on our northward cruise, and anchored at about sundown of the same day off Dande Point and river. Our object in visiting this place was to fill up with wood and water, which we were told at St. Paul we could do much easier and at a less expense than any where else on the coast. We remained at anchor nearly a week, during which time I took many pleasant tramps on shore, and made quite a long and interesting trip up the river in the captain's gig; for the fatigue and discomforts of which, in being exposed to a burning sun and mosquitoes, I was amply repaid by the novelty of things in this vicinity, when compared with other parts of the coast which I had already visited.

People at home, and more particularly those having friends in the navy—indeed, officers in the navy themselves—have accustomed themselves to speak and think of the African station as the *ne plus ultra* of all that is disagreeable and to be dreaded; and when the disadvantages to one's own personal comfort is alone to be considered, it is not perhaps unnatural that they should look upon it, as I know many of them do, as the Botany Bay of the navy, and carry out with them

a discontented mind, which alone is enough to make 'fever-and-ague' fatal. It has, like many other things, a dark and a bright side. The means of communication between officers on the station and their friends at home are very irregular and uncertain, which is the greatest of the evils I ever experienced there, and one much to be regretted; but I do not know that it is more felt here than on the other naval stations, excepting the Mediterranean. For the news of the world the African cruiser has to depend upon a chance newspaper, picked up often enough perhaps on board of some merchant or slave-ship, and then dated some six or eight months back; making one feel painfully conscious that what is news to him has sunk into oblivion where the said 'news' originated. The mess stock of sea-stores, husbanded with all the care of a good caterer, sometimes runs low, without the prospect of replenishing, and visions of 'salt junk' and 'hard tack' dance before the irritated eyes of the watch officers, who 'growl' at the caterer until he growls defiance and threatens to resign his post. Then there is the climate, enervating doubtless when one is unnecessarily exposed to it for too long a time, and highly dangerous to careless livers, and useless adventures in sickly places, but not near so bad as commonly represented, where prudence is observed, and not to be compared for unhealthiness with the generality of the East Indies. The rainy seasons on the African coast are very unpleasant, but a winter in the Mediterranean is infinitely more so. There are tornadoes and heavy rain-squalls, with thunder and lightning in any quantities, which however always give timely notice of their approach, so that sail can be taken in and things made snug; which is more than can be said of a 'bora' in the Gulf of Venice or a 'nor'-wester' on our own coast. To the traveller, or to a man of an observing disposition, fond of seeing and comparing the different countries of the world, with their varieties of climate and scenery, and the costumes, manners, and modes of living of the inhabitants in their original state, Africa presents a never-failing and untiring scene of interest and attraction. I say Africa, but should more correctly express myself as meaning the African coast and the country immediately adjacent to it; for in reality but little is known, even at this late period, of the inland country, notwithstanding the heroic endeavors of Park, the Landers, Tuckey, Clapperton, and other daring men, most of whom perished in their untimely and ill-fated attempts to penetrate into and explore the vast, unknown countries of this mighty continent. Many of their discoveries perished with them, and what little was saved and made known to the world from the wrecks of their unfortunate expeditions has availed but little to the causes of science and commerce. The African cruiser has therefore the advantage of novelty in going over ground which has been but little trodden, and visiting in his long cruises many places where a white face was never before seen.

I speak not of those unfortunates whose lot has been cast to drag out long weary months on board of certain 'flag' and other ships; of which I ween, under fever-scarred commanders at anchor in one of the northern 'refreshment' (?) ports; but of those who, like myself, have spent upward of two years in a *cruising* vessel, and have seen



the hard work and the 'elephant' in an African cruise. One word in explanation: that the United States' African squadron has not in some cases been a useless expense to the government, and a mere farce so far as real utility was concerned, in consequence of the inefficiency and indisposition to cruise of several of the commanders, not only of the ships, but of the squadron itself, no one who has been in it will for one moment deny; but I am happy to know and state, from an observation and connection with it of a little more than five years, that it has never to my knowledge been in a more effective and really useful state than at the present time, with the gallant Commodore G—— at its head, supported by as noble a set of commanders and officers as the navy ever yet produced.

But I have digressed widely from my sketch, and fancy that I hear already some of the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* calling me to order, and perhaps not a few saying 'Turn him out!'

Dande Point is a remarkable bluff jutting out into the sea, at the distance of perhaps twenty miles to the northward of St. Paul de Loando. One of its sides forms a kind of bay, which, however, affords little or no protection to vessels at anchor there, for which reason they rarely anchor within less than three-quarters of a mile from the shore, to avoid the danger of the 'rollers' in the rainy season. At the head of this bay the beautiful little river Dande throws its pure waters into the sea, and just within the bar at its mouth stands a native town and Portuguese settlement, with a small white-washed stone fort to protect it. Few places of this description on the coast present a more picturesque and pleasing appearance than does Dande river, with its town and the wild African scenery of its banks. It is more pleasing from its great contrast with the surrounding country; for where the soil is not watered and nourished by the river, nothing presents itself to the eye but a succession of barren hills and plains, covered with a kind of dry brush and some stunted grass. To the sportsman, however, these hills would perhaps present the greater attraction, for they abound in grouse, quails, and other wild game. The banks of the Dande are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate. The trees and bushes are filled with birds of the most rare descriptions and most brilliant plumage; monkeys are throwing themselves continually from tree to tree, cutting a thousand fantastic capers; the hideous alligator reigns sole monarch of the waters of the stream, and is rarely disturbed, except by the canoe of the native as he goes to and from the white man's settlement at the mouth to exchange his produce for perhaps a twentieth part of its value in rum.

On the second day after our arrival I set out early in the morning with the captain, to go on an excursion up the river in his gig. We were well provided with fowling-pieces, pistols and ammunition, as well to shoot game as to protect ourselves in case of need against the natives, who are sometimes not to be too well trusted; we also laid in an ample stock of refreshments for a pic-nic. The time could not have been better chosen for our trip; the air was neither too hot nor too cold, but a happy medium between the two. The sun was just rising as we pulled into the mouth of the river, and the little white-washed battery

on the right bank shone out gaily in its rays. The river at its mouth is about fifty yards wide, and fifteen or twenty feet in depth. This we ascertained by sounding; and I may remark, that we carried twelve feet of water for the distance of a couple of miles or more up, when it gradually shoaled to one fathom.

On the left bank, near the mouth, stand the ruined walls of a small stone church, which we were told is another relic of the Jesuits, who had a settlement here centuries ago, probably under the supervision of the fraternity whom I have already spoken of as having existed in great strength at St. Paul de Loando. I was surprised at finding, on a visit which I afterward made to this ruin, a large number of human skulls and bones lying on the ground about the church, and even in it. Several of these skulls were examined by our party, and proved to be those of white men (though it is impossible to imagine how they got there), while the greater number were without doubt the remains of natives of the place. They were probably dug up after interment by the beasts of prey, who are attracted to the banks of the river in the dry season for water. As a general thing, however, the country immediately bordering on the sea-coast is very free from carnivorous beasts of all descriptions.

The ruined church is the only remains of any building on the left bank of the river, the native town being in the rear of the Portuguese fort on the right bank; and as I cannot imagine that it was necessary in former times for all who wished to go to church to take the trouble of crossing the river every morning, it is but natural to conclude that the town originally stood on the left bank, where the church is, whence for some unknown or forgotten reason it was transplanted to the opposite side of the river. With regard to the fort, it is merely a small battery of six light guns, commanded by a Portuguese officer of artillery, who has a sergeant and some twenty or thirty native soldiers under him; and for what purpose it is kept up I cannot conceive, unless it is to keep the natives under subjection to the Portuguese rule; for during the whole time I have been on the coast I have never heard of there being any great trade of importance at this place worth protecting. But to return to our excursion.

We pulled leisurely into the river, receiving as we passed the battery, a polite bow from the commandant, who was taking his coffee in the cool morning air in front of his quarters, and a little farther on, passed our launch with her jolly crew of Kroo-boys, busily engaged in filling water casks. Immediately above the watering-place some natives were drawing a rude kind of seine made of twigs and rushes, and to judge from their cries and uncouth antics they were making a successful haul of fish. We passed a place where an immense tree had fallen into the water from the bank, and the Captain got a shot at a fine black monkey, who was sitting on the trunk taking his morning draught. Poor jocko escaped however, and ran off with a scattering shot in his posterior, covering his wounded seat of honor with one paw in a very ludicrous manner.

I was very anxious to obtain a specimen of a kind of crane or heron, which we saw in great numbers in this river. They were of a snowy white plumage, with long red legs, and so extremely shy, that I could

not get near them for a shot. We pulled along, occasionally seeing an alligator, with his head just raised on the surface of the water, appearing to the unpractised eye, more like a piece of rough black wood, than like any thing belonging to a living animal, and occasionally getting a shot at a monkey or a bird.

For the distance of six or seven miles, the banks of the river, are covered with dense growths of mangrove and other aqueous plants, which prevent the possibility of landing, except, where there are paths worn by the alligators, and beasts of prey coming to the river to drink. Farther on, the country became more open, the trees of a taller growth, and patches of the banks quite clear, where we easily effected a landing at several places, but found nothing to repay us for the trouble. Soon after we came to a small assemblage of huts, with some little appearance of cultivation around them, but the natives appeared to be an indolent, dirty set of beings, having no cares whatever to trouble them, and little other occupation, save smoking and drinking. One can hardly imagine the habit of smoking being practised in a more injurious way to the system, than it is done by these natives. We saw it here in a manner which I never expect to see again. The apparatus consisted of a large hollow calabash or gourd, with two holes in it, one at the side into which is inserted the pipe, fitting perfectly tight, and another at the top, which serves as a mouth-piece. The pipe is filled with tobacco, of the very strongest kind, and the operation of smoking commences. The smoker sits down on the ground with his body inclined forward and his head immediately over the calabash, and applying his mouth to the top hole, inhales the air in the vessel, with the whole strength of his lungs. This, he has to repeat several times before the air within gives place to the smoke from the pipe, as the calabash is generally of several gallons capacity; at the fourth or fifth inhalation however, it is the strong dense smoke of the tobacco, which fills his chest and lungs, and the man appears as if he were half strangled, for his eyes start out, his chest heaves convulsively, and the smoke rushes from his mouth and nose in clouds. This satisfies him for the time, and he does not return for another draught for perhaps ten minutes; an observer would imagine that he had got enough already to last him his life time; but this man when asked whether it was really a pleasure to him, said 'me like him too much,' and we left him at the conclusion of a second long pull at the calabash.

Leaving this assemblage of huts, we advanced up the river, occasionally getting a shot at a monkey on the bank, or a fish-eagle screaming above our heads, and finding as we advanced the banks more open, so that we could land any where without difficulty.

I may here remark, that in all the African rivers, great difficulty is experienced in landing near their mouths in consequence of the heavy impenetrable jingles of mangrene and other plants, which flourish better where the water is brackish or slightly salt than in pure streams. As we advance up, however, these plants become thinner, the banks firmer and more strong, and at last the open country comes in sight and a landing is easily obtained, the mangrene has entirely disappeared and given place in the water to beautiful flowering plants, and on the banks to the tall trees of the forest.

## THE BANKS OF THE GENESSEE.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

THE wild duck is dipping his glossy wing,  
And cooling his heated breast  
In the waters that backward his image fling,  
As he floats in his liquid rest;  
He skimmeth along in the wavelet's glow,  
With a fisher's quiet glee,  
Or seeketh his nest in the reeds that grow  
On the banks of the Genesee.

The swallow flits by with his spear-like wing  
That pierceth the wave's smooth crest,  
And catches a drop in his bill to bring  
To the fledgelings athirst in his nest;  
And like him the birds that reposed all night,  
'Neath the curtains of every tree,  
Are trilling their music in matin flight  
O'er the banks of the Genesee.

The lowing herds, driv'n by summer's hot ray,  
Deserting the meadows so green,  
Cool their lips in the tide where they stand midway,  
All heedless of noon's burning sheen;  
Their image invested in rich beauty glows,  
With the branches of bush and tree,  
And they snuff the soft breeze that in freshness blows  
O'er the banks of the Genesee.

The fisher-boy marks from the pebbly shore  
The ripples that circle his line,  
In fancy beholding a bountiful store  
Of fins in his basket shine;  
He whistleth and singeth of thought in lack,  
And lists to his own melody,  
In many an echo that floateth back  
From the banks of the Genesee.

Away o'er the dimly-receding tide  
The precipice loftily shines,  
Like a monarch with garment and crown of pride,  
In the verdure of evergreen pines;  
At its deep rocky base, like tents that glow,  
With their banners in sun-light free,  
The wind-stirred waters in stillness flow,  
By the banks of the Genesee.

The deep chasms reach from their cloudy height,  
And circle that river's course,  
Like bulwarks erected by hands of might,  
To shield it from hostile force :

The rocky bars stretch like an iron chain,  
 Where the currents so wildly flee,  
 Till their musical rapids ring out a full strain,  
 By the banks of the Genesee.

Oh! sweet are the fields that in verdure bright  
 With their billows of grain oft gleam,  
 And stretch far away in the rich sunlight,  
 From the shores of that radiant stream;  
 And sweet are the forests whose branches breathe  
 The winds from the flowering lea,  
 As freshly and purely their chaplets they wreath  
 On the banks of the Genesee.

Sweet too, is the cot where my heart has its home  
 With the loved on its life to beam,  
 Amid the green woods where I revel and roam  
 By the banks of that beautiful stream;  
 Then while the blest billows of life still flow,  
 Oh! there let my dwelling be,  
 With fond ones still smiling in love's own glow  
 On the banks of the Genesee!

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## THE OBSTACLES TO SUCCESS.

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BY A. B. JOHNSON.

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ONCE upon a time Jupiter determined to ascertain personally the grievances about which mankind were so continually importuning him, that his residence in Olympus was far from being a sinecure. He accordingly alighted on the Battery in New-York, one fine summer night, having descended on the back of a large eagle, which he keeps exclusively for the saddle. He had scarcely dismissed his aerial courser, and assumed the appearance of a respectable old gentleman with a dark-brown wig, equal to Batchelor's best gossamer, when he heard some voices which proceeded from three beggars, a cripple, a negro and a middle aged vagrant, who apparently possessed no infirmity but an unshaven beard, unwashed skin and ragged attire. They were lying on the grass at their ease after the heat and wanderings of the day; and were bantering each other on their respective demerits.

Said the negro, 'Were I white I would open a shop in Chatham-street, and as no man would be more diligent and enterprising, I would gradually enlarge my stock of goods, and extend the variety of my dealings, till I should in time become an extensive merchant and rich; but a colored man must be either a servant or a beggar, and as neither position will procure more than a living, I prefer ease to labor.'

'A white skin,' retorted the cripple contemptuously, 'may be a very pretty treasure in the eyes of a 'nigger,' but it is an insufficient capital to commence business on in New-York. Had I limbs like other

men, I would indeed scorn to be a beggar; but a cripple though he should perform more labor than two able bodied porters would still be required to accept his compensation as a charity. The world therefore, gives me no alternative; I must live by charity, and I may as well take it without labor as with.'

'Comrades!' exclaimed the third, 'I see your drift; I am neither black nor a cripple; hence you think I ought not to be a beggar; but without capital or credit a man can no more create property than he can build a ship without tools. When the tide and winds are both against a vessel she drops anchor, and makes no fruitless effort to go ahead; and I am not fool enough to adopt a different policy.'

The self-complacent trio then arose and wended their way to a den in Anthony-street, where the vagrancy of the day was succeeded by a night of intoxication.

Jupiter permitted them to depart without revealing to them his presence, being intent on supplying general remedies for the ills of life rather than on empirically meliorating individual miscarriages. He saw the difficulty which repressed the energies of these men and kept them idle, but as he could not conveniently remodel the world, and prevent some men from being black, some from being crippled, and some from being poor; or give every man all the facilities for prosperity that each individual should desire; he resolved to accomplish the same end by a device, and he accordingly established a new decree, that hereafter no man's prosperity shall depend on what he possesses not, but on the use which he shall make of the means that he happens to possess. While Jupiter was revolving in his thoughts the benign operation of this new principle, and foreseeing how by means of it, Fulton would practically annihilate space, and Morse annihilate time, the light of day had for some hours dawned upon the earth, and lighted up the Battery with all the effulgence of a July morning; and he was aroused from his pleasant reverie by a little girl, who in a whining tone that was entirely different from the voice which he supposed he had formed in man, said

'Pray Sir, give me a cent to buy some bread for daddy, who is very sick and has nothing to eat.'

'Child,' replied the benevolent DERRY, 'your father is just the person I want to see. Lead me to him and I will assist him.'

The little girl was a good deal surprised, having never before met with such a reception. Usually those who gave money threw her a penny and said nothing, while those who spoke gave harsh language and no pennies; but her case was pressing, and she led the way as he had commanded. Jupiter soon found himself in a loathsome cellar, where, lying in a corner on some foul rags and straw, was the miserable father.

'Alas!' thought Jupiter, 'something in this world must need alteration.' After administering a few drops of nectar, and a small piece of ambrosia, to the sick man, who became thereby wonderfully revived: 'Friend,' said Jupiter, 'you see that I can relieve you; but before I give you any more of my medicines, I must be informed how you came

into this wretched condition. The city seems full of delightful residences, and I find you in a damp, dark room under ground.'

'Ah!' sighed the man, 'I perceive by your remarks, as well as by your conduct, that you are a stranger in New-York. I possess not a dollar in the world, and how can I obtain better lodgings?'

'But,' replied Jupiter, 'other people obtain better lodgings, and why not you?'

'The story is not long,' said the mendicant. 'All men are not made to be rich, nor are we all endued with the same talents. Some men can never thrive, while the touch of others will turn every thing into gold.'

'You surprise me,' said Jupiter, 'I was not aware of these facts; and should they prove true, they shall be corrected. I will tolerate no such inequalities.'

The mendicant stared, thinking his benevolent friend was a maniac, and began to be afraid; but Jupiter threw a little poppy on the sick man's eyelids, and they instantly closed in a gentle slumber.

Jupiter next entered a superb mansion in Union-Place. The owner was not at home, but a loquacious footman who stood at the door, gladly undertook for the bribe of a little nectar, to relate the history of his master. He was a rich merchant of South-street, who confined himself to his counting-house. Nothing could exceed the prosperity with which he was constantly attended. His ships arrive in port at the times when they are most needed, and bring cargoes that always suit the market. Prices usually fall after he sells, and rise after he purchases; and moreover, his debtors never run away, nor his friends become treacherous.

'I perceive,' said Jupiter, 'this is one of the men whose touch turns every thing into gold.'

'Exactly so,' said the footman.'

'These differences in the formation of men,' thought Jupiter, 'must be corrected.'

He strolled next into the City-Hall, where he found in session the Circuit Court of the United States. The great cause of John Jacob Astor against the State of New-York, was on trial, and one of the most celebrated jurists of the country was addressing the court. The knowledge which the lawyer displayed, and the eloquence with which he uttered it, excited the admiration of a crowd of auditors, who said that the lawyer was to receive a fee of five thousand dollars for his effort, and that he well merited all he was to receive.

At one end of the bar sat a lawyer who was dozing. He was shabbily dressed, and his apparent poverty and listlessness induced Jupiter to arouse him, and ascertain why he also was not obtaining five thousand dollar fees. The man scarcely knew whether to laugh at the question or to be angry. At length his love of ease conquered his irritability, and he laughed.

'Old man,' said he, 'where did you come from to ask such a question? The counsellor who is addressing the court is a great genius. We possess only one such man in the state; and but two or three in the United States.'



‘Why not?’ said Jupiter, in manifest surprise.

‘Why not!’ exclaimed the shabby lawyer; ‘because great talents are scarce. We do not make ourselves, you know. I guess you never studied phrenology. The difference between him and me is the work of Heaven; hence he receives large fees, and I receive none.’

While Jupiter was reflecting on the organic inequalities which were thus unexpectedly proclaimed to him, he determined to execute an experiment. Suddenly, therefore, while the great lawyer was in the most pathetic part of his argument, Jupiter, unseen by mortal eye, siezed the orator by the throat, and sent his soul to Olympus. The court arose in the most intense confusion. All said the great lawyer had over-exerted himself, and was dead of apoplexy. The same day the sick beggar died, and the rich merchant, and the shabby lawyer. What a loss the world had sustained in the great lawyer; and what a loss the city in the rich man! God help the poor; what is to become of them now! How inscrutable, said every person, are the ways of Providence!

The great lawyer’s body was borne to Trinity Church, where a huge granite monument was erected over him by his admirers. The rich man was carefully soldered up in lead, and placed within his family vault; while the shabby lawyer was buried privately in a cherry coffin, and the mendicant was, with little ceremony, screwed up in pine boards, and hurried to Potter’s Field. After these differences of an hour, all were alike left to the silent and indiscriminating processes of decay; while the world closed up its ranks with new orators and new merchants, and the losses that yesterday seemed irreparable were remedied and forgotten.

But not thus Jupiter. The experiment which he meditated was to remould the four men, so that they should possess equal powers of mind and body. Nothing should distinguish one from the other, so far as relates to their organization, moral, intellectual and physical; ‘for,’ thought Jove, ‘I shall be truly sorry if the misery of man, or any portion of it, arises from partiality in their organization.’ The four souls being thus equalized and furnished with new bodies, were sent back into the world, and in due course of nature were severally born of poor parents in different parts of the Union. The children possessed no consciousness of ever having been on the earth before. They were severally dosed with medicine as soon as they were born, and after struggling for their lives against the other officiousness of nurses, they grew gradually toward maturity, played with tops and marbles, were beaten when their parents were cross, and fared in all respects precisely as other children.

Time passed on, and at the end of fifty years Jupiter again saddled his eagle, and was wafted to the battery, where he had alighted before. The morning was just as mild and salubrious as it had been then; and while he was looking round and admiring the regularity with which inanimate nature obeys the impulse of the seasons, and the seasons revolve in the order of their appointed succession, he was aroused by the approach of a little girl, who in piteous accents solicited a cent to buy bread for her sick daddy.

Struck by the similarity of the application to that which he had experienced on his former visit, he directed the child to lead him to her father. She led him through avenues as crooked as those that he had passed previously, and brought him to a cellar as dirty as the former; and in it he found the same mendicant, again in poverty, again sick, and again accusing Providence for his mischances. Jupiter flew into Union Place. There he found the rich merchant also, and as rich as ever. He went to the City Hall, and there lounged the shabby lawyer, as drowsy as before; and there stood the great orator, as eloquent as formerly, and talking for a fee of five thousand dollars. 'Truly,' said Jupiter, 'these coincidences are surprising; but if I had been partial in the formation of men, as was alleged, it would have been more surprising.'

But whence these differences in the condition of the several persons? The question suggested itself more readily than the solution. Jupiter was perplexed, and again sought an elucidation from the unemployed lawyer, who again began the old story about phrenology and the orator's great genius; but Jupiter cut the matter short by saying he knew better, and that the orator's genius was no greater than other men's. At this the shabby lawyer laughed, and happening to be in a more communicative humor than previously, candidly admitted that he was as well organized as the successful orator, and much more deserving of success; but the difficulty was imputable to Misfortune, who had always persecuted him, while fortune had as constantly favored the great orator. This solution seemed reasonable. Jupiter had often heard rumors of the interference of Fortune and Misfortune in the affairs of men, but he had expressly interdicted them from interfering with the present experiment; and as they had disobeyed him in the career of the lawyers, they probably had interfered with the merchant and the beggar. He was accordingly enraged against Fortune and Misfortune, and flying back to Olympus, he summoned forthwith the terrified spirits, and accused them with their disobedience. They trembled at his rebuke, and would have excused themselves by denying all agency in the transactions alluded to, but Jupiter refused to listen to their protestations, and chained them both to the wheel of Ixion, whom he permitted to lie down and rest himself.

Having thus appeased his anger by its gratification, he sat down to enjoy the consciousness of having administered a deserved chastisement; and taking up a huge telescope, by which he can see at once every human being, he pointed it toward the earth, that he might ascertain how the parties fared, now they were relieved from the interference of Fortune and Misfortune. But imagine, if you can, his surprise when he saw Fortune wafting to a profitable port a ship of the rich merchant; and Misfortune applying a torch to fire the dwelling of the shabby lawyer — not insured either, poor man! Jupiter snatched up a thunder-bolt, 'red with uncommon wrath,' to scath therewith, at one fell blow, the two rebellious spirits; but accidentally casting his eyes toward the wheel of Ixion, he saw them as firmly bound thereto as when he first chained them.

'How is this,' thought Jupiter; 'two Fortunes and two Misfortunes,

while I created only one ! Which set are the counterfeits ? To resolve the question, he sent Mercury to seize the two who were on earth, and drag them to Olympus. The son of Maia departed with a speed proportioned to the power and impatience of the sender ; but with a like speed he returned and solved the mystery. The two on earth were neither Fortune nor Misfortune, though greatly resembling them in external appearance. They were not even deities, but plodding earth-born spirits, who are as steady and uniform in their ministrations as the others are fickle and capricious. Still they had interfered with Jupiter's intentions, and he resolved to extirpate them ; but on looking into the Book of Fate, he found they were destined to endure as long as the human race, and their proper names are Management and Mismanagement. What could be done under the circumstances Jupiter resolved to do, for he much wished to relieve himself from the imputation that Heaven permits Fortune and Misfortune to govern the world, or organizes some men for eloquence and literature, others for ineloquence and ignorance ; some men for riches and honor, others for poverty and dishonor. And to place the future beyond all contingency, he issued a decree, supplemental to the one already announced, and which, like it, is to endure till the end of time, that Management and Mismanagement shall be subject to the control of mankind only, and be employed by every man as the man himself shall direct. That the person who most eschews Mismanagement, and who employs Management most skilfully and diligently, shall save the most wood, if he directs his efforts to that object ; he shall obtain the most literature and eloquence, if he directs his efforts to those objects ; and he shall accumulate the most money, if he applies himself to the acquisition of property.

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S T A N Z A S : F R O M H A F I Z .

If the fair Maid of Shiraz would list to my song,  
And accept of the heart I have proffered so long,  
For the smile of her lip and the clasp of her hand  
I would give my Bockhara and Samaracand.

Boy, bring me the wine that remains in the cup !  
For this night, if to Eden your soul were caught up,  
Ye would sigh for the bowers of MOSELLA the fair,  
And the sweet streams of Rockna that murmur not there.

They told me the maid whom I prized most of late  
Had spoke of her love in the language of hate :  
Ah ! no — bitter words never came from a lip  
Where the red ruby laughed and invited to sip.

Yes, HAFIZ, thy song not unsweetly was sung,  
For its words were like pearls, which beauty had strung ;  
And the soft balmy light which it sheds upon love,  
Is like that which the Pleiads shower down from above.

## THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

ONCE again on the hill-side the young grass is springing;  
 Once more the bright waters flow sparkling and free;  
 And afar in the wild-wood the blithe bird is singing,  
 And faint on the breeze floats the song of the bee:  
 But my hopes that are flown will return again never,  
 And vain is the music of spring-time to me;  
 I but feel from thy side I am parted forever,  
 And sad is the heart that throbs only for thee.

Still close to my bosom I cherish the token  
 Thy hand pressed in mine, while you vowed to be true;  
 And my cheek told the tale that my lips had ne'er spoken,  
 As we sat on the bank where the wild-flowers grew:  
 I watched for thee long, till the pale flowers perished,  
 And the dead leaves fell quiv'ring to earth silently,  
 And all the bright dreams that my bosom once cherished  
 Had fled from the heart that throbs only for thee.

## O C T O B E R .

OCTOBER in the wilderness! How silent! how glorious! A veil of smoke hangs over the mighty stretch of wood, and quivers all around through its gorgeous aisles, while the dead leaves, like floating blossoms, roll through it, swayed by Autumn's faintest sigh. Yon lake, wrapped in a soft haze, lies asleep in the golden arms of the forest. The very mountain, which towers above it, dyed to its very peak, nods amid the dozy air, and showers down its drapery upon its still waters. Afar, beyond the lake, a small prairie, like a little sea, sends its gores up into the main land, with here and there an island of trees, that looks in the distance like globes of fire suspended between the heavens and the earth. There is the tread of the wild-fowl, the gathering in of the squirrel, the tap of the acorn — all mingled. Hark! it is the partridge. She walks demurely and cautiously toward yon log, and mounting it with a dignity as stiff as great Cæsar's, thunders away to the whole surrounding wood. The POWER that made her spins her garments and spreads her board. Her harvest of wild berries ripens for her without thought or care. Away she whirrs and soars, her form waning fainter and fainter in the changing shadows that flicker around, until — she is lost.

Chickaree! chickaree! chickaree! Good morning to you, Mr. Chipmuck. And so you are gathering in *your* winter stores. That acorn under which you are staggering is as great a tug as a mountain to a

giant. That's the third time you have attempted to grasp it, but it rolls away. There, now you have it. Chickaree! — and darting away, his little chequered mantle is swallowed up in the earth. And away down there his little palace is built, as noble as a lord's. It is warm with furs, and its granaries are full. The blast of winter, as it howls above him, cannot penetrate his home. I have great respect for the chipmuck, for he belongs to the aborigines. His forefathers, I am very credibly informed, crossed Bhering's Straits thousands of years ago, on a piece of bark, using their tails for masts and sails, as squirrels now do when crossing streams. Oh! that the history of the continent could be revealed by you! The mound-builders and thy race were contemporary. Your ancestry runs back into generations of men, who have only left us their monuments and their bones. Chickaree! — and out he flies, and chattering up a mighty oak hard by, buries himself in its top. And that oak, reader, will count ten centuries by its rings, (those notches of time,) covering more than thirty generations. It was here where Peter the Hermit preached his crusade; and the gale that wafted the May Flower shook, perhaps, its green top in its westward flight. Yet there it stands, deep-rooted in a mound filled with the remains of a people; and that people, reader — why their stony faces are *now* grinning at us from the monuments that are shrowded in the silence and gloom of Palenque. At least, so I am informed.

Hark! 't is the drone of the Bee. How he blows his tiny trumpet in the autumnal sky, now swelling, now dying, as he winds away, the strain of his horn sinking less and less, until it expires in the finest and most exquisite thread of melody! That bee is not alone. He is one of a colony, whose city, streaming with wild honey, is built high up in the trunk of yonder gnarled beech. And that city, reader, holds its queen, its military, its police, and its commons. Its streets, squares and edifices, are built with a strength and economy that mathematics cannot improve. O man, who cannot find any evidence of a SUPREME BEING, study the government, the art and science, that controls and preserves that little colony! You may almost *see* the awful presence of DEITY moving behind it.

Ha! ha! Mr. Grasshopper, arrayed in your green surtout, and high mounted on yon tall spire of grass, how those gauze-like wings shiver out their music, though touched, methinks, now and then with a note of melancholy. Relatively, you are a great body. The chain of animated nature that reaches around the earth runs far below thee in minuteness of form, down — down beyond the reach of eye or ear.

But, reader, the whole forest is peopled; a world of life, the half of which is unknown, is here cared for by their CREATOR. This is their palace. The sun their light by day, as well as ours; the moon their lamp at night; the drifted leaves, rich as woven rainbows, their couch: their board is ever spread, without care. They have but to gather in. The curse was upon man alone.

And, reader, the red man is here — a fragment only of a great tribe. Alone he sits on yonder cliff, gaudily clad, his bark-canoe anchored below him. He too is here, a wanderer in a deserted temple — the last of the worshippers. The solemn drapery of October hangs around as

of old, but his chief, his prophets, his laws are no more. What traditions are locked up in that breast, which will never be profaned by the white man's ear! Methinks he hears again the war-whoop of Tecumseh of Pontiac — the rush of battle and the conflict of arms — yet there he sits, immovable, like a piece of sculpture, wrought out by Autumn when the woods were changed.

But enough. The long shadows of the trees have struck the eastern shore of the lake, and I must away, where sterner pictures of life will be found. And until another meeting — farewell!

H. H. R.

*Michigan.*

## L I N E S

WRITTEN ON VISITING GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

## I.

The gorgeous pomp of summer day,  
 Sunshine and verdure, greet my gaze;  
 The wild bird sings on every spray,  
 Through flowery boughs the south wind plays;  
 But sunshine, verdure, song and bloom,  
 Charm not my soul from thoughts of gloom;  
 One only feeling thrills me here —  
 The dead, th' unheeding dead, are near!

## II.

No part have they in all this scene,  
 The sunshine's glow, glad nature's mirth;  
 A dreary mist has fall'n to screen  
 DEATH's shadowy realm from things of earth;  
 For them in vain the streamlet falls,  
 The wild bird to his partner calls;  
 For them in vain the soft spring breeze  
 Steals gently whispering through the trees.

## III.

And sadder still, Affection's voice  
 Calls at these dreary gates in vain;  
 Tones that could sadden or rejoice  
 Are powerless now to soothe or pain;  
 Here widow'd love and friendship deep  
 Alike their fruitless watch may keep;  
 The wind's low murmur wandering by  
 Sole answer to the mourner's sigh.

## IV.

Here sleep the young and lovely: here  
 One snatched from life in girlhood's bloom,\*  
 Is laid in silence chill and drear,  
 To moulder in this stately gloom;

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\* MISS CHARLOTTE CANDA, who lost her life by a melancholy accident in New-York a few years since.

Her sculptured form in beauty mild  
 Seems smiling as in life she smiled ;  
 A dreamy calm, a thoughtful grace,  
 Lies shadowed on the pensive face.

## V.

Here sleep the brave, the tried and true,  
 Who nobly fell at Duty's call ;  
 See yonder towering to the view  
 A stately column, proud and tall ;\*  
 The sculptured form that stands so high  
 Seems fitly pointing to the sky :  
 Here gaze ; yet weep not o'er his rest,  
 For souls like FREEBORN's must be blest !

## VI.

On 'Ocean Hill' he slumbers ; mild  
 And soft and calm his sleep must be ;  
 He recks not now of billows wild,  
 Nor heeds afar the maddened sea,  
 Still rushing on th' opposing shore  
 With bursting foam and thundering roar,  
 Loud chanting in its furious glee  
 A requiem for the brave and free.

## VII.

Again we pause : another name  
 Of noble import meets the eye ; †  
 The dauntless victim of the flame,  
 Who rushed in duty's path — to die !  
 Sad Friendship to his memory gave  
 An honored rest, a trophied grave,  
 And grateful hearts shall mourn through life  
 The hero of the fiery strife.

## VIII.

Now steal away through yonder grove  
 To where thou seest reflected lie  
 In yon clear depths the scene above,  
 The quivering trees and azure sky ;  
 Here pause and shed a tear for one  
 Who sleeps in very truth *alone* !  
 The daughter of a race unblest,  
 An Indian from the far green West.

## IX.

By 'Sylvan Water' she reposes,  
 A stranger in a stranger land ;  
 She died as die the summer roses,  
 By autumn gales too rudely fanned :  
 Soft be thy sleep, lone forest child !  
 Thy native shades, thy woodlands wild,  
 Shall mourn thee in a requiem deep,  
 Though distant far thine ashes sleep.

SIGMA.

\* FREEBORN, the pilot, who lost his life in an attempt to save the crew of a ship which was wrecked on the Jersey shore.

† A FIREMAN who lost his life during a conflagration in New-York some time since.



## A F R A G M E N T :

A F T E R   T H E   M A N N E R   O F   T H E   O R I E N T A L   A P O L O G U E .

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Love is moral beauty, enamoured with its own lovely form in a kindred spirit.

FRIENDSHIP is virtue pleased with beholding its own disposition displaying itself in another's acts, in a full belief of a reciprocity of feeling.

Honor is the conducting one's-self in ordinary and extraordinary circumstances as a clear head and a pure heart would commend in the *beau idéal*.

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It is the power of these three united to make an amulet in the moral world capable of producing a charm greater than the magi ever called up, or superstition ever imagined. This charm is *happiness*. In the march of this holy alliance, FRIENDSHIP must precede LOVE, and HONOR guard it. There are also good and evil genii who attend their progress. The good has in his train a host of ministering angels; Watchfulness, Forbearance, Gentleness, Kindness, Assiduous Attentions, Pure Aspirations, and Old Fidelity, with all his scruples of conscience. The evil genius follows close with his fiends, Dishonest Ambition, Fashionable Dissipation, Unmeaning Frivolities, Carelessness, Indifference, Wantonness and Infidelity; and some of these are the more dangerous, as they are often found assuming the robes of better beings. When the good genius is in the full course of his duty, he is the loveliest of the lovely; his wings are the feathers of the bird of paradise, his eye the evening star, and his voice a seraph's harp; but once overcome, how great the change! His eyes are a baleful glare, his wings the feathers of the foul bird of prey, and his voice the raven's scream. The evil genius once a conqueror, the amulet is changed to an obeah, and the celestial charm, *happiness*, to a spell of infernal wretchedness.

The charm is hard to obtain, and difficult to preserve. On the morning of the day of prosperity a thousand delicate Ariels breathe sweetness on the air, who sleep at noon and are gone at eventide. This is but the picture of a fair day; in one of clouds and darkness these gentle spirits are soon frightened by the blast, and are instantly gone forever. One bright vision here and there touches the earth, to show the sons of men that they are not quite forsaken, and a sweet voice is sometimes heard to linger on the wings of the gentle breeze, and says, or seems to say, 'Despair not! you are destined to other worlds, and your reward is there!' Then a new light cheers the soul, and the star of hope points to it, and the promises of OMNIPOTENCE secure it.

And when the good genius keeps on his course with every attendant virtue in his train, the crooked path is made straight and the rough way smooth. By the preservation of the charm until the deep vale of years, man passes the bounds of Time, and on the upward track of light reaches happiness immeasurable as space and lasting as eternity.

## T H E S O U T H W I N D .

GENTLY, O gently, thou soft south wind !  
Thou flittest along in these balmy hours,  
And lovingly bending thy fairy wing,  
Thou stealest a kiss from the sleeping flowers.

Lightly thou sleepest the forest tops,  
And gracefully liftest the trembling leaves ;  
While ever there cometh a plaintive moan,  
As a stricken one o'er the departed grieves.

Thou touchest the cheek of the deep blue lake,  
And anon it weareth a dimpled smile ;  
It knoweth the spell — the blessed thing  
That giveth it heavenly beauty the while.

Then hurrying on in thy quiet mirth,  
Thou pausest in awe by the restless sea,  
And hushed is thy own soft murmuring strain,  
As thou listest the mighty minstrelsy.

Forever, though sleeping be every breeze,  
In the holy and beautiful calm of even,  
There riseth on high this solemn bass  
Of Nature's harp to the courts of heaven.

Thou seekest the spot where the violet blooms,  
And bearest away on thy dewy wing  
A fragrance, like that of Elysian groves,  
From the sweetly humble and grateful thing.

Sweet is thy breath at the couch of pain ;  
Gently thou fannest the fevered cheek ;  
Thou bearest a balm, like an angel bright,  
To the stricken heart of the mourner meek.

Thou glidest along with the dancing rill,  
For a wild and a frolicsome spirit art thou ;  
Thou tremblest awhile on the maple leaf,  
Then hiest away o'er the mountain's brow.

Softly thou singest the simple flowers,  
'Lady love, lady love, hither I come  
From my balmy bowers in the orange-groves,  
To bear thee, love, to my southern home !

Sweetly, O sweetly, floateth thy strain !  
'Lady love, lady love, list to my lay !'  
Timidly lift they their drooping lids,  
And then with a laugh thou art far away.

Then tired of thy pranks with forest and flower,  
Thou hurriest on to thy ocean caves,  
And dancest in glee with fairies bright,  
Or curlest in foam the elfin waves.

MINA MORRENSBERG.

## T O M A R Y .

ALL hail to MARY! sweetest name  
 That e'er was spoken under heaven!  
 The gentlest ever known to fame,  
 To God's earth-mother given.  
 Like His religion spreading far  
 And wide throughout the realms of earth,  
 Still brightening, like the glorious star  
 That told His wondrous birth.

Shrined in all hearts and hallowed there,  
 All sacred as a tokened gem,  
 Since first upon the wandering air  
 Shone the bright star of Bethlehem:  
 Fit type of all that's mild or fair,  
 And stainless as the blue above;  
 Breathed by soft lips in holy prayer,  
 And murmured thro' the dream of love.

*September, 1850.*

In olden times that name hath stirred  
 Devotion in the warrior's breast,  
 As mailed and helmeted and spurred,  
 He set his gleaming lance in rest.  
 Through dim cathedrals vaulted high,  
 In Europe's saint-protected climes,  
 Oft have its praises sought the sky  
 At matin and at vesper chimes.

Though much of the old faith is gone,  
 A holy charm around it clings;  
 As, when the wild-bird's song is done,  
 Still in our ears the music rings.  
 My mother bears that gentle name,  
 A sister who is dear to me;  
 And thou, my daughter! bear'st the same,  
 O! bear it ever worthily!

HOWARD CHILTON.

## ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES.

BY A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

M A R Y H I N C H M A N .

In her childish days she learned her lessons at school, and obeyed her parents at home; but on the track of her girlhood there stands no monument of shame or beauty. When she parted from her associates at the academy, leaving forever the theatre of her instruction, her teachers commended her good conduct, and her fellow pupils bade her a kindly farewell; but no tears were shed, no bosom friend exchanged with her promises of eternal attachment, and her departure left no 'aching void behind.' I am, however, bound to say, that all united in the declaration, that she was a very 'amiable girl.'

Her features have a correct outline, she has a pleasant smile, and her form is well proportioned. She dresses with care and neatness, she does nothing ungracefully, she never gives offence, she was never addicted to romance, and received her lover with as much equanimity as her washerwoman.

One word as to lovers. Bob Dyckman was a free-hearted, bold, manly fellow, with a good figure, a good disposition, and a good appetite. Without being sentimental or transcendental, he was affectionate; he loved his parents, his family, and his friends, and it so happened that he loved the subject of this sketch. Gay, rollicking fellow that he was, the quiet manner of Mary Hinchman had quite a charm for him;

she would smile at his jokes, listen quietly to his abundant small-talk, ride with him and walk with him. His overflowing spirits made him satisfied with his statuesque companion, and his generosity attributed her lady-like frigidity to self-control, and an innate sense of propriety, developed by the polish of education.

Bob was trustful in his nature, and having endorsed for a visionary friend, suffered seriously from his bankruptcy. With characteristic frankness, Bob immediately informed Mary of his losses; he was 'confoundedly sorry' both for himself and his friend, and told Mary that she knew more than he did about every thing, taking care of money included, and that he would cheerfully make over to her her own portion, and the greater part of his property, so that they could be secure of a decent competency. But Mary's parents being worldly-wise people, thought that as 'circumstances altered cases,' Bob's altered circumstances materially altered this case, and therefore strenuously advised their dutiful daughter to discard her lover. So at the very time when a true woman's heart would have warmed toward him, at the very moment when the noblest instincts of our nature would have led her to cling to him, Mary informed Bob that prudential considerations, her filial obligations, and 'a sense of duty,' combined to make the alliance impracticable, but that she should always esteem him as a friend, and that he had her best wishes. Bob was not particularly gifted with the faculty of persuasion, but in his own rough, yet kindly way, he explained that if they loved each other there was really no impediment. Mary remained firm in her position, and in this case her lover suffered nothing by any lack of honeyed words, for had he spoken with the tongue of men and angels, the result would have been the same, and any man in his situation would have been as profitably employed in expostulating with a grave-stone. Bob believed in the 'sense of duty' statement because she made it, and so left her.

His was a heart not to be broken by inconstancy, and there was no danger of his going into a decline in consequence of his rejection; but he had not sufficient sagacity to see the truth, and the idea never occurred to him that all the love ever embarked in this affair was invested solely by himself. Bob is now a married man, and enjoys as much happiness with a loving little wife as his somewhat animalized nature will permit; but to this day he regards Mary as an excellent, amiable woman, entitled to his high respect, and somewhat too good for him.

The parents of Mary commended her discretion, and Aunt Patsy Wattles, who in somewhat advanced years had married a rich soap-boiler, considered her only as little lower than the sainted in Heaven.

Another suitor came, one Jack Handy, whose father had left him half a million, the interest of which was alone under his control. Jack was pleased with the change from theatres and ball-rooms, and race-courses and gambling-houses, to Mary's quiet parlor, where he would daily while away an hour, tapping his patent-leathers with a nice little cane, boasting of the triumphs of his brown mare 'Jenny Lind,' and rattling away on other subjects equally momentous. There was not enough in Jack's composition to make him either very good or bad; there was nothing positive in his character; and having been placed in circum-

stances calculated to make him frivolous and dissipated, he of course became so.

Mary's friends considered the match a capital one, for although Jack was somewhat gay, they thought her influence would purify him, and prove a perfect 'Sands' Sarsaparilla' for his moral nature.

Every arrangement for the wedding was amicably made, and would have been completed, if the gentleman had lived long enough, but he suddenly left Mary, horses, dogs, guns, and other attractions, in a fit of delirium-tremens, surrounded and persecuted, as he thought, by a great number of snakes, spiders, and other noxious animals. This hallucination constituted a remarkable epoch in his life, as it was the only time when he gave any evidence of possessing the faculty of imagination.

Mary endured her loss with her usual placability, and in due time another lover made his appearance on the stage. This was no other than Rev. Joab Meek, son of old Meek the tailor, who 'in the line of his profession' had accumulated a large property, and died at a convenient period, leaving his only child Joab sole heir to his property. Joab had 'a soul above buttons,' and so became a minister. He was very long, very lean, very ugly, and very 'evangelical.' The only approach to fleshiness or rotundity about him was seen in a little pair of round cheeks, looking as if they had been distended in the act of blowing, and never got back to their place. These cheeks of his presented a striking contrast to his nose, which was very long, and like his father's needles, and unlike his own acquirements, came to a decided point.

Joab's prayers were quite tedious, and a little spiteful, and his sermons quite poor, and intended to be pious. He was regarded as a great man by his deacons, who borrowed money of him; by sundry church members, who furnished him with all the slander of the day; and by several old women, with whom he drank tea and talked theology. The young ladies did not particularly affect him, their admiration being principally confined to clergymen who are handsome, or talented, or 'in delicate health.'

Joab's mind was none of the strongest; and his language, not at all fascinating, was rendered no more attractive in coming through his nose. He wore a high white cravat, and a high shirt-collar, both of which were in their highest condition, when he offered himself to Mary, and was accepted. She married him, and instead of looking at a ballet through an opera-glass, or whirling in a waltz at a ball, or riding behind 'Jenny Lind' on the avenue at the rate of a mile in three minutes, as she would have done if she had married Frank, she listened patiently to her husband's preaching, taught in the Sunday school, joined the Rechabites, and officiated as President of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. She 'lived after the manner of the strictest sect,' and was admitted to be a very correct and amiable lady.

Joab fell sick, and sending for a physician as ignorant and pious as himself, very naturally died; and indeed it was very easy for him to die, as he had only to become a little more stiff. In his last hours he praised the LORD that he was different from other men, a thanksgiving in which I think 'other men' would gladly participate.

Mary's 'sense of duty' led her to bear her loss with the utmost calm-

ness, and the judgment with which she selected her mourning, and the care with which she watched the fit of her dresses, commended her to the consideration of Christian philosophers.

Mary has no child, which fact is to me a favorable indication of 'human progress;' and having nobody but herself to take care of, she attends to that mission with the most scrupulous fidelity. She is ready to retain her present situation, or to get married again, as that species of calculation which she calls 'a sense of duty' may determine; but whatever her lot may be, she will live long, and in life and death will be called 'an amiable and excellent woman.' For my own part I believe her amiability and excellence consists in frigidity and indifference; and although when she leaves this world she may go to Heaven, I am persuaded she could do some good in the other place, by cooling the atmosphere.

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L O N G I N G   F O R   H O M E .

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BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

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THESE lines, though neither a translation nor intended to be one, were suggested however by an ode of CASIMIR SARDIEWSKI.

The glories of my FATHER'S land  
Wake many a keen desire,  
Its realms of ether broad and deep,  
Its orbs of sacred fire,  
Its climate ever purely bright,  
Its halls and harps of gold,  
Its people free from guilt and death,  
Its joys which grow not old.

Ye radiant hosts, that strictly keep  
Your ceaseless watch on high,  
Walking, in fair and holy ranks,  
The wide and azure sky,  
Behold one formed to climb and range  
Those fields of stainless blue;  
Support one worn by strife and pain,  
Far off from Heaven and you.

Yet know that HE who cares for all,  
And rules by laws divine,  
Who bids me toil in grief and gloom,  
While ye rejoice and shine,  
Has said that meek and steadfast faith  
His choicest gifts ensures:  
A christian's place and state with HIM  
Shall more than equal yours.

Be mine the green and dewy turf,  
The turf which wraps the dead,  
With trees and flowers to wave and bloom  
Above my last low bed.  
I fain would leave this weary world:  
Dwellers in yon starred dome,  
Bend earthward from your shining seats,  
And take an exile home.

## The Bunkum Flag-Staff.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED FOR GENERAL CIRKELATION, AND SUITABLE TO ALL TASTES.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.


VOL. II.

OCTOBER 1, 1850.

No. 4.

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR.

CIRKELATE!

 RESPONSIF to an appeal in the last Staff, we have received from the Messrs. Allbrook, of Bunkum, accompanied with a very handsome letter, some bottles of the wintage, which we found to be most pure and medycinal and done our health good. We had hardly consumed one of them before we were met by a subscriber in the street who immediately said, 'Wagstaff, how well you look! — you bin to the Springs?'

'No,' said we, 'we have had a present of some wine, and it has put new life into us.'

The very pleasantest part of the letter was, which was itself cheering, and showed that they love us, that if ever we got sick again, (and who can perwidge against sickness!) they had more of such medicine, and to call on them for just as much as we want. They must be Allbrook, to be sure, if that's the way their heart's flow out in keindness to their fellow-men; and we are glad there is such a firm in Bunkum, and that the firm has such remedies to dispose of. However, the Staff is the last one that would ride a willing horst to death. It never will do it.

JENNY LIND, the Swedish nightingale, is on the shores of this republic, creating a sensation to which Herr Smash is a mere circumstance. Now that she is here, presuming that she will visit Bunkum, we wish to make a few *empassong* remarks to our citizens, which we hope that they will take in good part. In the first place, don't stare the lady out of countenance, and block up the gangways whenever she goes out or comes in, and stand gazing up at her winders by three or four hundred at a time, or listening at the key-hole when she is a rehearsing, or running after her carriage, for if you do, you will drive her right out of town, and have no more manners than the hackney coachmen of Bunkum, who seize you by the collar, and lay-way you on the wharf, and stick their whips under your very noses, and make an *en masse* attack on you; and we commend them to our mare and common council as an outrageous nuisance, which ought to be abated. Another thing we say to our mechanics, don't be sending her presents. She don't want your candies, and your horse-whips, and so forth, and is able to buy, for she



could buy you out, all on you. You give queen Victoria a little pony, and what's the consequens? She gives you another little pony, or else somethink that's worth a great deal more'n a little pony. You send the Emperor of Morocco a patent-churn, and he can't send you another patent-churn, and so he's put to the botheration of getting made for you a diamonded gold snuff-box. Friends, it is indelicate. Don't treat the Nightingale so, but keep off the side-walk, and act as becomes the great town of Bunkum.

LIVELY LETTER FROM MISS MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL. — We think that the following letter from our correspondent, of which the chorography is more than ordinary beautiful, will commend itself personally for all the archness, pleasanterry, and *qui vive* of a geirl to whose untinctured heart the world is too apt to be like a Greenwood Cemetery, enchantingly laid out with flowers and with birds singing in the branches (this place has been much improve since last fall ;) without are sunbeams, within the sepulchres of the righteous bred up in the city of New-York. But to the letter, which the postage was post-paid. Cannot all pay their postage? Here are we, peggin on in an exciting life of mind, and every day some ten or fifteen and sometimes — we may say frequently — more cents to be paid in postage out of our own pocket. It was not kind in you, Twelvetrete, to charge us five-pence about that discovery of yours to wash the dirty clothes of a large family for sixpence before breakfast. If you do it again, Twelvetrete, we shall expose you. We shall do it.

'Lebanon Springs, 10th August.

'Oh! my dear, dear friend! I do wish that you could see a little of our life here, it is positively so charming, and I have been so taken up in preparation for the Fancy Ball, that I could not collect my thoughts to write. I have often thought of the sacred poet since I came here:

'On Zion and on Lebanon,  
And Carmel's blooming heights.'

'Oh, dear! I must not forget to tell you right off before I forget it, that we girls are practising the Polka, and some other dances. The hugging is rather close, but the sense of modesty soon wears away, as one of the young ladies said the other evening to one of your timid, bashful young men, 'Mr. — if you don't hold me tighter you'll never be able to dance the Polka.' Appears to me these places are intensely vulgar. You can have no idea of it, my dear friend. The SIMPKINS, who used to know us, did not now recollect us, until they saw us talking to some of the Grace-Church people, and then they came up and were exceedingly polite. We were so amused! The other night the SNOBSSES arrived. You must know we were all having a little hop, and we thought the music good enough to dance by. Not so the SNOBSSES. They turned up their noses, and presently began to play cards; then they must needs go up to the musicians and tell them their services were not wanted, on which the latter went out in a huff. Then they set one of their own party to thrum on the piano, on which the regular boarders rose up and retired, leaving them in a glorious minority. Did you ever hear any thing so preposterous? It made quite a little flurry and gave us something to talk about for a day or two. Do put it in the Flag-Staff. I keep a journal every day, and shall now and then send you an extract. Don't forget your old friend,

'MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL.

'P. S. Hair-Dressing is preposterously high, and Victor the mulatto so impudent, that he ought to have as many noses to pull as he has heads to dress. But we have to put up with it, for no body has an eye like him. He had the impertinence to charge me five dollars for a simple wreath.'

JOURNAL OF AN HABITUE. 9 A. M. Rose with a confounded headache and breakfasted. Cannot think what gave me such a headache, except that being with a friend last night we might have indulged rather too freely in *eau de vie*, and yet I hardly think that we transgressed. More probably the cause was, that I ate some toast for supper, dried rather too hard. That this is deleterious to the digestion, has been said — that it actually is so — I know. To be on the safe side, and set the system a working, on rising up took a little *tiff*.

9½ A. M. Charley Roane came in,

and we said that we would walk down together. He complained of being under the weather, and I being in the same case with him, sympathised sincerely, and to palliate our mutual disorders we concluded to take a — *little tiff*.

9 $\frac{3}{4}$  A. M. We both thought that we experienced relief from the remedy, and Charley asked me what it was. I told him it was the 'Genuine Otard.' 'Yes,' said he, 'see label,' to which I assented. It seemed to burn the disorder clean out, like a bit of caustic. 'As this is so good,' said he, 'probably it would not be injurious to the system to take a little more.' 'Certainly not,' said I, for being out of health, I felt the need of stimulus, and this stimulus was the very kind. So, for our mutual benefit on this occasion, we *took a little tiff*.

10 A. M. It did us good, and when the clock struck ten I became so sensible thereof, that Charley and I thought it judicious to repeat the dose. So we poured out a '*vara little bit*,' to wit, namely, we think we may say one table-spoonful brimming and no more — no more. For we only concluded to take a *little tiff*.

11, A. M. Feeling both a little refreshed, we brushed our fine Genin moleskins, put on our boots, buttoned our coats, put our letters in our pockets, and started to go down town; but previously to going, as the weather was extremely warm, and the fatigue would no doubt be great, and our health and strength, as I have already said, nothing to brag of, in order to prepare ourselves for the journey, we — *took a little tiff*.

12, A. M. We found the day insufferable; far worse indeed than we expected; the dust enough to choke you; the heat burning; the omnibusses all full; the cab-hire

extortionately high; so after footing it bravely, until we were ready to drop, with a stroke of the sun, out of sheer exhaustion, and in order to save the hospital, we took refuge in the 'Shakspeare,' unbuttoned our coats, took off our collars, and even our coats, bathed our brows in cold water, and — *took a little tiff*.

12 $\frac{1}{2}$ , P. M. Got down to our offices, and then to hard work; I to the law, my friend to the ledger; this for three hours. I for my part know not what he did; but unless I had a little Cogniac stored away in my closet, do not think sincerely that I could have got through that morning alive, for the thermometer climbed up to ninety-six, with no better stairs to step on than polished perpendicular glass. *Took a little tiff*.

3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , P. M. To dinner with Charley at Windust's. The soup good. After soup, drank a bottle or two good Madeira; and a little farther on, to make all right, as corn, cucumbers and melons were in season, and Windust has some fine old brandy, we considered it judicious to *take a little tiff*.

7, P. M. Went over to Hoboken to take the air, where, setting under the trees, we entered into much pleasant discourse, saw the company, and sail-boats in the river, listened to the splash of the waves, and drank a sherry-cobbler, for by this time, as the evening was getting pretty cool, and our healths delicate, we had been advised by our physician, on any exposure of this kind, to *take a little tiff*, which we did.

9, P. M. Went home, and conversed pleasantly about matters and things in general, and Jenny Lind in particular, and drank her health in four or five glasses of superb

Scotch whiskey, (the real stuff,) as smooth as oil.

1 o'clock. Took a night-cap, and then to bed.

NEXT MORNING. Woke up and took a little tiff!

AT THIS SEASON of the year, when dysentery and somersets abound so much, we consider it a labor of love to advise the readers of the Flag-Staff to beware of their diet. Some regular advertisers have been already cut off in their full bloom. Friends, you cannot be too keeferful. Straw, rasp, dew, bill, goose, black, cran, poke, huckle, mul, and other berries, should be sedulously avoided. A stitch in time saves nine.

HOW DREADFUL A THING is lunacy! To see the mind prostrate from its throne, where it lately sot like Queen Victoria with the Prince Albert of Reason by its side, is beyond all price the most afflictive circumstance that we know. Such is CARLYLE, as we are informed by the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. He is as crazy as a coot, or else he would not certingly spit out such stark-mad nonsense. As his friends may not know our facilities in the Uniten'd Stets, we take this opportunity to recommend most cordially the Bloomingdale Asylum for lunatics, near New-York. We know it to be an excellent institution, where the treatment is kind and paternal; and we think the publishers of Thomas' works would defray the expenses of his keeping, if he was once on our shores. That Harpers would do their share we feel positively certing. We think the United States has made him crazy, and on the homœopathic

principle a good dost of the ked'ntry would cure him. Would it not be advisable to shave his head before he be sent, for he might let his friends do it; but if the Uniten'd Stets shave him, he might possibly objek. When we read his *Latter-Day Pamphlets* this morning, we did think most sincerely the last days had come. The style is heterogenius to a degree. Confusion worse confounded, chaos, and the horridness of a Scythian landscape, could convey you no idea of it. We a little while ago sat down of our own accord in our sanctum, no body having suggested it to us, and wrote the followink letter to Messrs. Harper:

DEAR SIR:—It has occurred to me to raise a subscription in this ked'ntry, among his friends and admirers, to buy a straight-jacket for THOMAS CARLYLE. I have headed it myself with twenty-five cents, which is a small sum, but the subscriptions to the Staff are mostly in produce. May I call upon you for a small *bonum* from your firm, and oblige

Yours very truly, WAGSTAFF.

P. SCRIP.—By so doing you will give him the benefit of his ravings, to which he is entitled by the laws of *Meum* and *Tuum*, as well as other countries.

Please exchange your magazine with the Staff. We will notice it in our next. Fine, pleasant day to-day.

THE LAST SCEDEN in the life of Captain Coddle, as we have it from a by-stander by his bed-side, was touching to a degree. This gentleman is well known to community at large, and to individooals afflicted with sickness in their families, as the inventor of that ingenious medley called the Medicated Apple-Saäs, put up in hogsheads, barrels, half-barrels, casks and quarter-casks, jars, gallipots, et ceterar. When all around him stood by in tears, he seemed only to have the good of his feller men at heart, and bore his dyink testimony to the Saäs, articulating with his latest breath, when he could hardly finish

the word : 'Sa-sa-sa-sa-sa-sa-'ass (*convulsively*) 'aass !' and it was the last thing in his mouth. Well, he is gone, for even them who keeps pot'ecary shops do die, and gallipots won't help 'em, no matter how handsome they are labelled. But he will not soon be forgotten by the dyspeptic poor, nor indeed by any other class, for nearly the whole Uniten'd Stets' bowels have been more or less actuated by this medicament.

YES, we say in answer to '*A Subscriber*,' we *have* heard the celebrated Swedish cockatrice. We travelled some miles, (free ticket,) and waited on BARNUM. Sez he : 'We give no tickets to the outside press.' Sez we, (with an editorial leader in our eye) : 'We'll buy one.' Sez he, shaking our hand : 'That's right !' We bought a walking-ticket, and took a stand, way out in the bay of New-York. We heard her. A friend of ours, when she got up in *a-b, ab*, said 'Cut my straps, and let me go up !' We said : 'Do n't expose yourself.' We came to hear her, (with a bought ticket,) and we was n't goin' to give way to our feelin's. We came to criticise, and with a 'bought ticket.' The '*Staff*' is not a venial press. We can express our opinion. Her voice is not square : it is of an oval texture. It will suit the ear of Bunkum. When she got up in the *sustenuto* we stood agash ; but when she tried it on with the *flauto*, the *obligato*, and sunk down to the *crupper-notes*, we knocked under. She has no merit as an artist, but as a singer she's *good* ! That's our opinion. The price of good seats is six dollars, but the '*OUTSIDE PRESS*' can get walking-tickets at one dollar ! We mention this fact that our Bunkum friends may know that this article is not biased by any thing of a personal nature.

THERE IS AN AMUSING action for trespass recorded in the last KNICKERBOCKER, about a man in a state of intoxication ; he tie his jackass behind another man's cart, and he druv off, carrying the jackass with him, and the former bring an action against the latter. This remind us of a somewhat similar case of obfuscation, when one Jo Annis, sitting in his cart, his ass walked out of the traces, and travelled on. When he woke up, sitting in his cart, and rubbing his eyes, he exclaim logically : 'Either I am Jo Annis, or I am not. If I am, I have lost an ass ; if I am not, I have found a cart.' And talking of asses, that was a remarkable instance of pusillanimity in one of them some time ago, (perhaps you might have read it,) who one day come suddenly on an elephant going to a menagerie. The poor thing had never seen an elephant, and his terror was beyond all question. *He gave one bray, and fell down dead in the harness !*

#### ONY DONY.

I saw my little ONY DONY  
A-riding on a little pony,  
And my ONY DONY seem  
Full of joy and sparkling grace,  
Smiles and sunshine on her face,  
Like a blossom on a bean.

She was christened ANGELIQUE,  
I to ONY DONY speak,  
ONY DONY is her name ;  
Oh ! her lips are cherry-red,  
And the auburn of her head  
Might put the gold to shame.

I have won her heart and hand ;  
Any lady in the land  
Would not now avail :  
I have better far than gold,  
Heart of love for love untold,  
And cottage in a vale.

WE have no remarks to make about the markets this month, except that Cotton is very depressed, poor thing ! and Bacon has met with no change ; which is remarkable, considering the heat of the weather.

WE rejoice to say, that the health of Miss Valeary is improving. The circumstance of her indisposition will be fresh in the minds of many: while a-walkink in the street, she receive in her face a full-blown puff from a very bad cigar, which made her sick, and she was at the p'int of death for some days. We know not of what brand it was, but should not the custom be branded as nauseating to a degree? We think so. Who would spit in Miss Valeary's face? None but a cannibal. But we should think that a whiff of bad smoke from a nauseating drug, which has made the circuit of the gums and ruff of the meöuth and unclean teeth of an individooal, and then uniting itself in partnership with his by-no-means otto-of-roses breath, and blowed into the face of a delicate lady like Miss Valeary, was a great deal worse-t. Subscribers to the Flag-Staff, are we right?

MALAPPROPO. — That all things are uncerting, we know, and like to realize the fact; but this we had brought right under our nose the other morning, on the verge of an undertaking, in a way we have never seen done before. While just leaving the boat, to take the New-Jersey rails, an elderly solem lookin' man, with a little box filled with little slips of paper, pressed up and said, 'Plenty of time, Sir; plenty of time; insure, Sir; only six cents for a hundred dollars.' As much as if he had said, 'Gentlemen, this present train of cars may be blow'd up; this may be the last journey that you may take. Papa, that blooming daughter who now hangs onto your arm may in a few moments be torn from your embrace. Many of you, gentlemen, who are now talking so pleasantly,

and reading the morning news, with your tickets in your pocket, may be ticketed for eternity. Do think of this *now*; not a moment to spare, but time enough Sir, time enough; buy an insurance? Six cents for a hundred dollars.' We left the preacher, highly amused, and with a hearty laugh at his 'assurance'; and yet we thought that there was much room for 'solemn thought and profitable reflection.'

THE BILLS OF MORTALITY for the last week show an unusual number of deaths from Jenny Lind fever, some from stretching their necks, and some from being jammed to death, and several from rupture of the lungs in crying 'Brava!' and one from disappointment, because she did not come up to his expectations. Mr. Barnum has purchased the remains of this last, to be stuffed and placed in the American Museum, by the side of the 'Drunkard' in the glass case in the last stage of Delirian Trimmings. As he was a great curiosity, he paid a great price.

A CORRESPONDENT is disposed to enter into an argument with us about smoking in the streets. As a cotrumpery has well remarked, 'Let the nuisance be abated without jaw.'

NOTICE. — No more squashes can be received in payment for the STAFF. So much of this produce has been rendered in, that without at all intending to decry the vegetabel, we cannot dispose of it. Fermentation is goin' on, and our squash magazine in danger of blowing up, and we do not like the pies. Will our subscribers favor us with a little more of the specie currency? Have gold eagles taken their flight?

MR. WAGSTAFF : Will you please say in the STAFF that if Jenny Lind will come to Bunkum, we think our town-hall can be procured? There is much of the *qui-vive* spirit now manifested. Allow me to say, Sir, that public anticipation is running as high as the Bay of Fundy in the jography. What does Mr. Barnum mean when he says that none but the *large towns* can be accommodated? Do nightingales sing only onto one tree? If that is so, our bird-knowledge is yet to be improved. Will not the sweet Jenny favor us with a shake or two? Our *oncores* are ready for her. Oh! that she would consider Bunkum as a *branch* of the great tree where her notes are trill'd, and hop out onto it! What's the use't of being caged up?

HUMBLE INQUIRER.

POSTSCRIPT. — We have listened for the seck'nd time to the siren, and it would be difficult to convey to the readers of the STAFF an adequate idea of what we felt, except by a stream, now trickling, now rippling, now flowing, now rushing, now placid, and now like the cataract of Niagara, full of effects, as seen from the Canada side. That she is a Nonsuch we heartily agree. We would not have believed, had we been informed a moment previous (which we were,) as we sat in Castle-Garden, where those two abominable posts in front of the stage decapitated Jenny, and cut her up to the view of the sea of heads before her, that any human voice could rise to X in alt. What then was our astounding sensation when she suddenly leaped to three X's with apparent ease, and then hopped down again without harm! Her crescendo in double-quick was great; but her creöwnin' glory was what they call the 'Allegro,' or some such term we think they call

it. We telegraphed from Bunkum, and a ticket to the best part of the house was kindly sent us by Mr. Barnum, who had now come to *know* us, and who, at the warbler's benefit, modestly shoved off all merit from his own shoulders. He said that he was n't 'no wheres.'

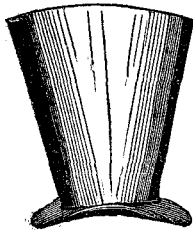
SALIVA is a good thing. We know the salivary glans are very necessary; they assist digestion, and are rills (so to speak) connected with the gastrick juice. Every thing in its own place; but what we were a-goink to say is this: there is in rail-road cars a little alley, we think we might say 'trough,' or rather aisle, through which the passengers walk, as they take their seats right or left, a gully, so to speak, kind-of. Before us sat a man tolerabul well dress, and he twist his neck areöund every now and then, and let fall out of his mouth a big globule of to-bacco-juce, till he made a stream pretty near big enough, we should think, to float a little boat. It was disgustink in the extream. We never see the salivary and excretory ducts with such a onerous tax onto 'em. Said we to ourselves, 'Could that liquid ever have all of it been into his meöuth?—such flewidity as all that comes to? Why it's enough to exsiccate (we think they call it) the hull system. What a drag onto the saliva! The man is dress in a good frock coat.' At last we gather up courage, and we says to him, 'Friend, ain't you injuring your system? All that' (p'intin' down to the flewid) 'spis-sated out o' you? Won't it dry up your cheeks? It strikes us it is a great deal of flewid. Our christian friend, do think of it.' It's a positive fack, that he only cocked his eye at us, and replied with a



'No, Sir-ree!' Of course we de-sisted, for he was one of the sov-rink people. Nevertheless, we say with a cotrumpery in a previous article, 'Let the nuisance be abated without jaw.'

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All ad-dresses to the STAFF, we must again repeat, must be written in good Saxony English. Our ony aim and objek is to correct abuses and to do good; and this aim entirely frus-trated if it be not written in a lan-guage the people can understand.

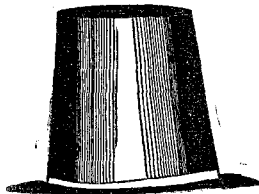
#### Advertisements.



named hatter. We have always manufactured a good hat. We respect singing as much as any one, but we would be the last man to resort to measures like the aforesaid. A full assortment now on hand. Call and examine. TREBY, COX & CO.



NEW STYLE OF HATS.—The subscriber does not wish to take advantage of Miss LIND's popularity to extol himself into notice. He wishes his hats to speak for themselves. His assortment has been in favor before the arrival of this songstress, otherwise he might take advantage of an event so otherwise prepossessing. LARKINS, Main-street.



Nall human probability the hue and cry which has been raised in some quarters may divert the stream of our full trade, but we have firmer reliance on the judgments of most of the heads which we have been accustomed to fit, to do them so much injustice as to think that this can take place to any considerable extent. HANSON & SONS.

MUSEUM.—Several thousand curiosities now on exhibition. Among others, the man who was disappointed with the singing of *Mademoiselle Jenny Lind*, she having failed to come up to his expectations. Come early, as the rush is great.

INGINS.—Six carboys of Ingins, now landing from Schooner Wethersfield, at DICKY'S Lower Wharf. Entitled to Debenture, on Store and in Bond. S. & J. DINKS.

LONG-ISLAND PUTTY.—Six quintals of best Long-Island Putty. For sale in lots to suit Purchasers. Assorted Sizes. G. G. & R. RIGDUM.

TRIPE.—Six cases Connecticut Tripe, of the vintage of 1850. Warranted sound, and to do no damage to the human system. S. HIGGINS.

ISTERS.—Twelve tons Heckabonnock Harbor Isters, assorted sizes. The best in the world, anywhere. In lots to suit. SNOOKS ET FILS.

SPRUCE-GUM TO CHOR.—A cord and a half of good chorin' Spruce-Gum. In lump or stick. B. W. F. LAYMAN LAMPSON.

#### Prospectus.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. It has received the most marked encomiums from the press and from individuals. Our brother has also written to us in most flattering terms of our journal. We shall endeavor to merit these marks of favor, and it affords us the most adequate satisfaction to inform our readers that Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL, the pleasant writer, is ENGAGED—not to be married, reader, though that is an event no doubt to take place—but is engaged to furnish a series of articles for this paper. Other talent will be snapped up as it occurs. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amateurs. PRINCIPLES OF PS, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained; vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. For farther particulars see large head.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF  
IS EDITED BY MR. WAGSTAFF.

It gives us pleasure to state that the FLAG-STAFF meets with the warm approbation of our brother, from whom the following is an extract:

'DEAR BROTHER: I like your 'Flag-Staff' very much for the independent course it pursues; and people in this part of the kied'ntry approve it very highly. Uncle JOHN is sick with the rheumatiz, but now better. Please set me down for one subscriber. Your affectionate brother,

'PETER WAGSTAFF.'

Mr. Woolsey approves it:  
'MY DEAR FRIEND: I like your paper very much. 'JOHN WOOLSEY.'

#### RECOMMENDATIONS.

'It is a good paper.'—Bunkum Flag-Staff.  
'It beats our own paper all hollow; there is more humor into it.'—Trumpet-Blast of Freedom.

Horses and cabs to be let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this office. WANTED, AN



**APPRENTICE.** He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once't a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor, Hetchabonnuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquito Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. **RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE,** named **JOHN JOHNS**, scar on his head, one ear gone and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, flippenny bits and United States' currency in general, received in subscription. Also, siore-pay, corn, potatoes, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs' wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried catnip, oil, but-nut bark, paints, glass, putty, snake-root, cord-wood, hemp, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, millstones, hemlock-gum, bacon and hams, ging-shang-root, vinegar, punkins, harness, ellacompatne, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, hog's-head-shooks, old junk, sapsago cheese, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange.

Those who do n't want the last number of the **FLAG-STAFF** please return it to this office, post-paid, as the demand for that number is very great. A patent churn and washing-machine, to go by dog-power, are left here for inspection.

**WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRIER Cow;** give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a week.

**FOR SALE, A ONE YEAR OLD HEIFER. PAIR OF YOUNG BULLOCKS IN HARNESS.**

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- II. ARRIVAL OF MISS JENNY LIND.
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- IV. LIVELY LETTER FROM MISS MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL.
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### THE TROUVÈRE'S ROSE.

ONE sunny day in Angoulême.

While with an open book on knee  
I sat and mused of love, there came  
A servant of my lord to me:

'Sir Poet,' spake he, 'sans delay  
My Seigneur would thy skill essay.'  
Then I went with him willingly.

My lord was in the castle court:

Quoth he, 'My lady here will bide,  
And yon unseemly wall and moat,  
To do her pleasure, I would hide  
With roses fair; for these have won  
Her love of all.' 'It shall be done  
To please my lady,' I replied.

I chose to climb the eastern wall

A vine whereof the blossoms were  
In size the chiefest of them all,  
That from below they might appear  
Amidst their leaves; yet void of scent,  
Because that thither none e'er went  
Save birds that wanton in the air.

And for the moat, a thorny hedge,

But with gay flowers overspread,  
I set along the nearer edge,  
That if unwary hand were led  
To reach the bloom, the thorns might be  
Sufficient guard, lest suddenly  
The slime should swallow up his tread.

Well pleased, my lord surveyed my care.  
Then smiling courteously, 'Meseems,'  
He said, 'a lady debonnaire,

When freshly wakened from her dreams  
She seeks her casement, there should find  
The flower most she loves entwined:  
Now choose me that which sweetest seems.'

Then at my lady's casement low,  
To welcome her and dewy day,  
I taught an humble rose to blow,

Which was not great, nor tall nor gay;  
As choicer bloom, but passing sweet,  
So that, methinks, the very feet  
That bruised it, fragrant went away.

And when my lady came in state,  
All other flowers passed she by,  
And coming to her lattice straight,  
Led thither by that perfume high,  
Spake out, 'This truly love I best!  
And my meek flower on her breast  
Beneath a jewelled brooch did lie!

The action pleased me, and I said  
In courtly phrase of Troubadour,  
'Yes, lady mine, the highest head  
Is not the dearest loved, be sure.  
Nor blooming lips, nor snowy breast,  
Can win a true heart, unpossessed  
Of sweetnesses that go before.'

For I was thinking all the while  
Of mine own rose, whose soft brown eyes  
Of carking care my days beguile.  
And well I know, though these despise  
Her sweetness as unworth award,  
Upon his breast a wiser Lord  
Will bear her fragrance to his skies.

## D E A T H   A T   S I X T E E N .

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Oh I am young to die!  
I fain would live through one more summer's day:  
But ere the twilight dims that cloudless sky  
I shall have passed away!

My father, where art thou?  
Would I might hear thy voice and touch thy hand!  
The way grows very dark and lonely now  
Into the Unseen Land.

Alas, it may not be!  
Far, far away, how little dost thou know  
That the companion of thine age, that she,  
Thy child, is stricken low!

Yet, father! do not weep;  
For I am wearied out with this keen pain,  
And oh! how gladly shall I fall asleep,  
And be at rest again!

I go among the dead!  
As thou hast seen me, in my childhood, borne  
Before the nightfall to my lonely bed,  
To wake with thee at morn.

Beyond that noonday sun,  
And with the ALMIGHTY in His dwelling-place,  
When the sad journey of thy life is done,  
Thou shalt behold my face.

MARY, my only friend,  
While in our joyous girlhood, thou and I  
Vowed each to each a friendship without end,  
We dreamed not friends could die.

Oh! that my head might rest  
Where it has fondly lain so oft before!  
Oh! that upon thy pure and loving breast  
I might recline once more!

Dearest! remember me;  
Not mournfully, not with a tear or sigh,  
But when thou hearest some old melody  
We loved in days gone by:

With many a lost bright thing;  
With the sweet summer wind's last fitful breath,  
With the dead flowers, and the forgotten spring,  
I lay me down in death!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR A. POE. Third Volume. The Literati, etc. Together with 'Marginalia,' Suggestions and Essays. With a Sketch of the Author, by RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall.

In a series of volumes which, when concluded, are to embrace all the 'various writings' of the late EDGAR A. POE, it was doubtless found necessary, by the literary executor himself had appointed, to include the *matériel* of which is mainly composed the book before us. On the score of entertainment of any sort, however, or of good taste, we trust these disjointed criticisms, praises 'o'er sweet to be wholesome,' and poor personalities, (which had already passed their brief existence,) are not considered by their editor as presenting any considerable claim to the regard of the public. Indeed, we have his implied judgment in this regard; although in relation to many other productions of the author, his admiration of the peculiar genius which they exhibit is, to our conception, something more than sufficiently strong. In a notice of the first and second volumes of the present series, we took occasion to express, at some length, our own judgment of Mr. POE's writings, and that judgment we shall not now repeat, but shall confine ourselves to a synopsis of the extraordinary career of the author, as furnished by Dr. GRISWOLD, in a biography accompanying the work. His biographer remarks, that '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*' is a common and honorable sentiment, but that in its application it would be impossible to include Mr. POE, so notorious, and so much a part of his history, were his faults; 'and it would be unjust to the living, against whom his hands were always raised, and who had no resort but in his outlawry from their sympathies,' to say nothing of the lessons of his career, so full of instruction and warning. According to the authentic records of this volume, then, while a resident of Virginia, we find POE abusing and leaving a generous patron, for refusing to honor drafts which had been given to pay losses at the gaming-table; not long after, while in a foreign country, we find our American minister interfering to 'save him from the penalties incurred in a drunken debauch,' through which interference he regains his liberty, and is enabled to return to this country. Subsequently, through the influence of his friends, he is secured a cadetship at West-Point; but in ten months from his matriculation, through habitual dissipation, neglect of duty, and disobedience of orders, he is cashiered. After various failures, literary and other, he enlists in the army as a private soldier; 'but when it was discovered, and efforts were made privately, and with prospects of success, by his friends, to procure him a commission, it transpired that he had deserted.' Not long after, through the aid of Hon. Mr. KENNEDY, of Baltimore, who assisted him when at the lowest ebb of destitution, he was secured, by the late lamented T. W. WHITE, the editorship of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' monthly magazine;

but 'brutish drunkenness,' says Mr. GRISWOLD, caused his dismissal; he was reinstated, however, after professions of repentance and promise of reformation, 'but his irregularities continued, and he soon received his final dismissal.' The next year, after having written some tales, which, in his biographer's estimation, added greatly to his reputation, we find him in Philadelphia, editing another monthly magazine; but as in Richmond, he is subsequently, and for the same causes, discharged by his employers. We say 'the same causes,' but there was one other, according to his biographers. In the absence of the proprietor, his employer, he prepared the prospectus of a new monthly, obtained transcripts of the subscription and account-books of the magazine upon which he was engaged, which were to be used in a scheme for supplanting its proprietor. It was not long, however, before he was engaged as editor of another Philadelphia magazine; 'but the infirmities,' says Mr. GRISWOLD, 'which caused his previous dismissals, at length compelled the proprietor to take another editor. He then endeavored to start a magazine of his own, but 'the unfortunate notoriety of his habits,' and the failure of his friends to induce him to change them, had banished the confidence which might otherwise have stood him in good stead, and have secured him success. After writing some of his best, and most popular productions, tales of 'wonder,' 'terror,' 'ratiocination,' etc., Mr. POE arrived in this city, where he added to his reputation by the publication of that remarkable piece of versification, '*The Raven*.' He was now engaged upon the old '*Evening Mirror*,' under Messrs. MORRIS and WILLIS, and for a time as one of the editors of the short-lived '*Broadway Journal*.' After leaving one and killing the other of these journals, he began the series of papers, six in number, upon our 'Literati,' of which the present volume is in part composed, and which were published in GODER's '*Lady's Book*,' of Philadelphia. 'They soon led,' we are told, 'to a disgraceful quarrel, and this to their premature conclusion.' Two of the most painful things mentioned in his subsequent history, is the slander of a well-known literary lady, who had befriended him when in need, and 'which slander he was obliged to retract under a threat of personal chastisement from the lady's brother, on the plea of temporary insanity. His wife, a most excellent, amiable woman, soon after died; and some time subsequently it was publicly announced that a contract of marriage had been entered into between himself and one of the most brilliant women of New-England. 'They were not married,' adds Mr. GRISWOLD, 'and the breaking of the engagement affords a striking illustration of his character. He said to an acquaintance in New-York, who congratulated him upon the prospect of his union with a person of so much genius and so many virtues; 'It is a mistake: I am not going to be married.' 'Why, Mr. POE, I understand that the banns have been published.' 'I cannot help what you have heard, my dear Madam: but mark me, I shall not marry her.' He left town the same evening, and the next day was reeling through the streets of the city which was the lady's home, and in the evening—that should have been the evening before the bridal—in his drunkenness he committed at her house such outrages as made necessary a summons of the police. Here was no insanity leading to indulgence: he went from New-York with a determination thus to induce an ending of the engagement—and he succeeded.' In a '*Defence of Mr. Poe*,' which appeared in that excellent magazine, '*The Southern Literary Messenger*,' the writer observes: 'His changeable humors, his irregularities, his caprices, his total disregard of every thing and every body, save the fancy in his head, prevented him from doing well in the world. The evils and sufferings that poverty brought upon him, soured his nature,

and deprived him of faith in human beings. This was evident to the eye; he believed in nobody and cared for nobody. Such a mental condition of course drove away all those who would otherwise have stood by him in his hours of trial. He became, and was, an Ishmaelite.' With a genius at certain styles of composition, which were sufficiently original, Poe's plagiarisms are nevertheless pronounced by his biographer as 'scarcely paralleled in literary history.' He accused Mr. LONGFELLOW, for example, of a plagiarism from *himself*, when it turned out that the poem of LONGFELLOW was written two or three years before the publication of that by Poe, and was, during a portion of that time, in Poe's possession. His unsupported literary opinions could rarely be received with credit. His present desire to please or to offend, robbed them of all honesty; and he frequently retracted his judgments, from private motives, 'eating his words' with sudden alacrity, and entirely reversing opinions recorded in spleen or malice.

His death was most unhappy. After various but characteristic fortunes, a long-continued and consecutive season of intoxication, and a night of insanity and exposure, he was carried to a hospital in Baltimore, where, on the evening of Sunday, the seventh of October, 1849, at the early age of thirty-eight, he closed his desolate and turbulent existence. Such, by the showing of well-fortified facts, cited by his own appointed biographer, was the life, and such the fate, of EDGAR A. POE. His is a melancholy history, but it is not without its lessons, which rightfully regarded, may prove salutary to the young, the impulsive, and the gifted.

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ICONOGRAPHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART. Systematically arranged by G. HECK. New-York: RUDOLPH GARRIGUE, Number Two, Barclay-street.

Of this noble work we have already spoken at some length in terms of well-deserved praise; but the continued excellence of the numbers, as they appear, leads us again to call our readers' attention to the series. There are twenty-five monthly 'Parts,' each containing twenty plates, and eighty pages of letter-press. The former, to the number of five hundred for the completed work, are by the most distinguished artists in Germany, and nothing could exceed their faithfulness and beauty; while the latter are translated and edited by that eminent scholar, Dr. BAIRD, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The number before us, 'Part Ten,' is thus appropriately noticed by an Albany contemporary, in whose commendations we fully concur:

'This part contains the plates representing the costume, articles of furniture, arms, and modes of living and amusements of the most ancient nations. Commencing with the Egyptians, Assyrians and Persians, and the earliest nations that inhabited Europe, it presents a series of the most beautiful and instructive engravings that we have ever seen. All these figures are copied from the monuments and the antique remains that have been preserved in museums and cabinets. Following the more ancient nations, come the series showing the costumes, manners, furniture, articles of ornament and of utility, and the games, sports, and pastimes, horse, chariot and foot-races of the Greeks; while we see the very groves of the Academy, with the white columns of the Parthenon towering above them on the summit of the Acropolis of Athens. To these succeed representations of costumes of the Romans, including a magnificent plate of a scene in the great Coliseum, where the Christians are delivered to wild beasts collected from all those parts of the earth which were tributary to the Empire of Rome. This one plate is well worth the price of the whole number. After these come the costumes of nations beyond the Danube and the Rhine, the Goth, the Vandal, and the fiery Hun.'

We are glad to learn that this truly superb work is obtaining a patronage commensurate with its rare merits. We do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most beautiful and valuable publications recently issued from the American press.

THE PRELUDE: OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND. An Autobiographical Poem. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. In one volume. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE cannot agree with certain of our contemporaries, in the soundness of whose literary judgments we have been accustomed to confide, that the volume whose title is given above, is simply 'poor blank verse, or prose on stilts.' That the measure in which it is written becomes monotonous, when in such large amount, we freely admit; nor is the book one to be taken up and read at once. But let the reader, in his own person, roll back the tide of his years; let him, *as a boy*, begin with WORDSWORTH as a boy, and follow him down the current of his feelings, his hopes, fears and aspirations; trace the poetical longings of his heart, the growth of that deep love of nature, and that calm reflective philosophy, which are his preëminent and beautiful characteristics; let the reader do this, reading portions only at one sitting, and our word for it, he will rise from the perusal of the work a wiser and a better man. WORDSWORTH loved NATURE with a devotion 'passing the love of women,' and it was a love holy and pure. He, when

——— 'the sweet breath of heaven  
Was blowing on his body, felt within  
A correspondent breeze, that gently moved,  
With quickening virtue.'

It was his to speak of 'the life in common things, the endless store of things,' rare or seeming rare, which he encountered in his daily walks and meditations; and what one of all our modern writers has done more to clothe the region in which he lived with the halo of his genius? We regret that our crowded pages do not admit of extracts, so plentifully indicated in the copy before us. Perhaps we may be better enabled to present these hereafter. Meantime, we take leave of the work, simply adding, that the present poem was intended by its author to be introductory to 'The Recluse' which, when completed, was to have consisted of three parts. The second part only, 'The Excursion,' was finished and given to the world. COLERIDGE is the friend to whom the poem was addressed, and his warm commendation of it is recorded in his 'Sibylline Leaves.'

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT. With Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

RIDING pleasantly in the cars of the Harlaem rail-road, the other day, we intermingled pleasant thoughts of soon meeting 'wife and weans' with reflections upon the contents of these volumes, the perusal of the last of which we had finished while journeying through the goodly county of Westchester. Truth to say, we have rarely encountered a more readable book. There is any quantity of egotism, and not a few lame attempts at concealment of the same; but all autobiographies must be more or less open to this fault, if that can be called a fault, which is almost inseparable from this species of literature. One sits down with the author, fully and at once admitted to his confidence; and as he gossips on, feels at once as *he* feels; partakes of his sorrows and his joys, and becomes almost as well acquainted with his companions and friends as if he knew them in bodily presence. HUNT seems to have had few reservations; he presents few exceptions to perfect freedom of speech, whether in relation to himself or others. The picture which he draws of the early struggles of his family are most graphic and touching. No man of HUNT's talent — for he had, in our judgment,

but talent, in contradistinction to great genius — who had been 'a religious skeptic, a royal rebel, a gentle son, a constant lover, a devoted parent, a popular journalist, a distinguished poet, a friend of SHELLEY, and a companion of BYRON, MOORE, LAMB, SCOTT and WORDSWORTH,' no such man, we say, could possibly write two volumes, full of personal reminiscences, without accomplishing a work of extraordinary interest. We confess to a great change in our views concerning HUNT's personal character, from a perusal of these attractive volumes. Always supposing MOORE's 'awful' epigrammatic lines upon him, after the death of BYRON, to be well deserved, we had formed a low estimate of the man, while admiring his talents; but his book will reinstate him in the good opinion of many a reader with whom our impressions were held in common. A portrait of the author faces the title. It was taken when he was very young, and is by no means prepossessing. We trust that the HUNT lip, unlike the 'Austrian lip' of which he speaks, (to say nothing of the still more feeble chin,) is not transmissible. Nothing could be more inane and characterless.

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DOMESTIC HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By MRS. ELLET, Author of 'The Women of the American Revolution.' New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

THE popularity which attended the previous work by MRS. ELLET will doubtless cause the present to be eagerly sought for; nor will it in any degree lessen the deserved reputation of the author. The object of the present volume is 'to exhibit the spirit and character of the revolutionary period; to portray, as far as possible in so brief a record, the social and domestic condition of the times, and the state of feeling among the people, with something of the services and experience of a class not usually noticed among those whose names live in historical remembrance.' With this view, a short and comprehensive narrative of the successive events of the war is interspersed with domestic details and anecdotes illustrative of the state of the country at various intervals. The writer's researches during some years past in collecting authentic materials for 'The Women of the American Revolution' brought to light many interesting incidents connected with the war, so strikingly characteristic of the times that they should not be suffered to pass into oblivion. These are sparingly used, because more of them would have swelled the volume to an unsuitable size; and all that possessed merely a personal interest have been excluded. It was found necessary also to omit the minor details of military movements, which form the bulk of almost every history of the war. A much better idea of the revolution may be obtained from anecdotes that exhibit the spirit which was abroad among all classes, and which prompted to action, than from the most accurate transcript of the manœuvres by which different battles were lost and won, and the most precise statement of the number engaged, or of killed and wounded on either side. Accordingly in general merely the date and locality of the principal battles are given, with the names of the leaders who were most conspicuous. Wherever an account is given of individual experience, it is for the purpose of showing what many did or suffered. In this attempt to present in a new and interesting light the history of our struggle for national existence, there is nothing of fanciful embellishment. The author wisely holds in just aversion the romancing trash under which at the present day the simple and picturesque, because simple, realities of our American story seem in danger of being buried. Not only has no aid of fiction been employed by her, but no traditional matter has been introduced, unless sustained by indisputable authority.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'A PARLOR SCENE:' SERMON ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR. — We annex a passage from a private letter to the EDITOR, in type for our last number, describing 'A Parlor Scene' when the published account of the late PRESIDENT's funeral at Washington was read aloud: 'But our choice circle, else so full of gladness, seemed to partake of the nation's sorrow. G — had just received an account of 'The Funeral' of the lamented old hero and statesman in the columns of the '*National Intelligencer*,' and was asked to read it. I need not dwell upon so graphic, so affecting a sketch; but will ask you to let me turn a moment from the sadness of the scene, and give an incident as beautiful as it was affecting. The account ends thus: 'The coffin occupied a conspicuous position, and was fully exposed to view. But all eyes were drawn, even from this solemn sight, to one still more calculated to touch the feelings of a promiscuous assemblage: it was the General's favorite horse — the far-famed '*Old Whitey*,' so well known to every soldier who served under the brave old man through the perilous and glorious Mexican campaigns. He is a well-made animal, of some fifteen and a half hands in height, in fine condition, and, as it seemed, with a military air. On the saddle were the holsters and inverted spurs. Poor fellow! he stepped proudly, but how would his pride have been quelled could he have known that he now accompanied his beloved master for the last time! Yes, *WHITEY*! you are surrounded by soldiers, as you were wont to be; the canon thunders in your ears; that is a familiar sound; and near you is he whose heart never quailed, and whose sword was never turned back from the fight; but, alas! he has met at last a foe he could not conquer; and the hand that so often patted your neck, and reached you a morning token of his loving care, is cold in death, and will caress you no more.' Now tell me where lie the soul's secret springs of tender grief. Though all had been eager attention, and every eye looked sadness, not a tear was shed until the reading came to 'Poor fellow!' when a sensation was perceptible through the circle. And as it continued, '*Yes, Whitey*,' seemed the signal for the heart's relief; and before the few lines of beautiful apostrophe to the old white horse were ended, every cheek was bathed in tears! The funeral scene in the East-Room; the varied features in the day's solemnity; the picture of CLAY and WEBSTER, weeping at the tomb of the beloved hero and lamented PRESIDENT, these were touching and impressive; but poor '*OLD WHITEY*' alone could cause tears to gush forth.' We learn from a friend who was present at the ceremonies in question, that the same feeling mentioned by our correspondent was general throughout the vast assemblage who beheld them.

At the moment when there are reaching us from the other side of the Atlantic ex-

pressions of the deep sympathy which other nations have in common, if not in degree, with us, at the death of our brave and venerated PRESIDENT, there come to us also various tributes to his character and memory, from different and distant parts of the republic, to which his lamented demise has given rise. Among these, there lies before us a copy of a '*Sermon occasioned by the Death of President Taylor*,' delivered at the Masonic Hall, Cincinnati, by T. H. STOCKTON, a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose fervid and eloquent manner, we are informed by capable judges, imparts to the oral delivery of his public discourses unwonted effect. In the performance under notice we think we are enabled to see the secret of his success as a pulpit orator. He superadds to true feeling, without which all ministrations are naught, great picturesqueness of conception and of grouping. Even the present discourse, occasional, as it could only be, is full of graphic limnings, which might have been given us in a series of actual sketches from the pencil of a legitimate artist. The picture drawn of the places whence General TAYLOR had come, and whither and for what purpose he was going; of the places where his predecessors had been, how they had died, and where they at last reposed; these, while they lack nothing of earnestness, nothing of freshness, are yet from the pen of a true artist in language and in grouping of events. Sometimes, indeed, we think this grouping will be mistaken for a species of mechanical effect, so crowded are the figures and accessories; but a closer examination will convince the reader that this is rather the result of a full mind relieving itself of abundant facts by a sententiousness wholly unavoidable. But our present purpose is less to review in detail the discourse before us, than to present for the reader's edification an extract which will better afford an idea both of its matter and manner. Here is an early sketch, by a modern 'master' of a continent which now requires half of the sky to cover it, both oceans to water it, and both poles to bound it:

'METHINKS I see COLUMBUS, at ten of the clock, on the night of the eleventh of October, 1492, watching, from the prow of his vessel, with an ANGEL at his side. Suddenly the ANGEL directs the eye of the almost baffled mariner to a hopeful light.

'That was the first glimpse of the New World. There was no reflection, from hill or shore, from rock, tree or stream. There was no outline of a habitation, no motion of a person, visible. It was a mere gleam in an immensity of gloom, leaving all other objects to conjecture.

'That was the commencement of our destiny; and how little it depended on human foresight! The poets have anticipated in various ways the magnificent after disclosures, but COLUMBUS thought only of India. The discovery of the new continent was as much a surprise to him as to others.

'Methinks I see that same ANGEL, on this first day of August, 1850, standing in the sun, surrounded by an illustrious group of witnesses; some of them seemingly anxious to hide the stains of blood on their garments, but all with vivid memory and honest testimony of the times gone by. Chief among them is COLUMBUS himself, hardly yet forgetful that he carried to his coffin the chains where-with he was rewarded for giving boundless and ceaseless liberty to the commerce of the world. The ANGEL, with hands extended toward the scene below, addresses him thus: 'For this, by divine appointment, I led thee across the deep!' And the honored one replies: 'I thrill with grateful rapture, like thine own. Like thee, I look, as the light looks, on all the expanse, from Greenland and Alaska to Cape Horn. I see the two oceans, always white on all their coasts with the freshening surf; and now whitening, in nearly equal lines, with the canvass of all nations. I see the western mountains—ranging through all climes, blazing among the icebergs of the poles and glittering with perpetual snow above the heats of the equator. I see the eastern hills, warming their flowery slopes in the open noon, and waving their windy woods over shadowy summits of easy access. I see, between, the plateaus and prairies, the lakes and rivers, unequalled on all the globe beside. I see the cliffs and glens, the placers and beds; of copper and lead, of iron and coal, of gold and silver, and every mineral hoard. I see the shores of pearls, and the inland heights of diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. I see the successive circles of grass and moss; of birch and fir; of pine and cedar; of oak, beech and chestnut; of the vine and fig; of the palm and magnolia; of the orange, olive and lime. I see the sweeping margins of rye, barley and wheat; of rice and cotton; of sugar and coffee, and the almost limitless maize. I see the immigrant nations—settled, spreading, coming; and the tribes of old still fleeing and falling before them. I see the march of improvement, as though the forests were prostrated by whirlwinds; as though the clouds were condensed into cities; as though the sunshine were transmuted into harvests. I see the OLD WORLD paying homage to the NEW; its hoary tyrannies, indeed, standing aloof, trying to content themselves with dwindling possessions, soon to be abandoned; but its arts and sciences, its literatures and philosophies, and the masses of its people, charmed by the voice of freedom, and hopeful of improvement by good-

ness, genins and truth—all hastening over. Before they touch the strand, the lightning reports them in the distant wilderness, and the mountains stoop and the valleys rise to smooth their rapid transit. I see the symbols of the Russian State and the Greek Church in the cold north-west. I see the symbols of the British State and the English Church in the cold north-east. I see the symbols of the Great Republic, adorning all the borders of its matchless central and southern empire; asserting, from sea to sea, the will of the people in the State, the will of the people in the Church, and the will of God over all. I see in the islands below the symbols of the Danish State and the Lutheran Church, and of the French combination of all policies, civil and ecclesiastical. I see, in one of those isles, the symbols of African rule. I see, on the southern shore of the Gulf, the symbols of the Dutch State and the Calvinian Church. Apart from these, over all the West, and away to the farthest South, I see the symbols of the independent or allied representatives of Spain and Portugal, and of the Roman Church. In all directions I see the scattered symbols of remaining Barbarism and Heathenism. Even Chinese Patriarchism and Buddhism touch the golden plains of the Pacific. The European, the African, the Asiatic, the Polynesian, and the American, are all one, on the same soil. More than fifty millions of people move within the range of my vision, and still the blooming wastes are waiting to welcome hundreds of millions more. I think of the future, and again my soul glows like thine. I think of the revolution of the Old World by the New—the revolution of its States, the revolution of its Churches; a revolution complete and enduring—glorifying God and dignifying man; a revolution, wrought by the reaction of all races on all their fatherlands; the agency of the redeemed in the universal extension of redemption. The contemplation overpowers me. I return to my own connection with the commencement of these wonders. I acknowledge my unworthiness in the sight of God; and yet I rejoice in the course He set me, and the guide He gave me. Never, to all eternity, can I forget that twinkling light in the distance—the sudden glory in my soul. Never can I forget the morning beauty of yon little isle—my own SAN SALVADOR! Never can I forget how other and nobler groups soon rose to view. But, six years elapsed before I saw Terra-Firma; and even then I dreamed not what it was. Rather, as I had mistaken the isles for those of India or Japan, so I mistook the continent for Paradise. I had not time to learn more or do more. But here are the other agents of PROVIDENCE. Let them declare how, point by point, this glorious scope was thus enlarged and defined.

'COLUMBUS ceases; and others proceed. And so it appears, that a year before COLUMBUS saw the main land the CABOTS had sailed down all the northern coast from Newfoundland to Florida; that AMERICUS at most was only the third to visit the shores which bear his name; that PINZON opened the sixteenth century with the discovery of the Amazon; that CABRAL the same year, and only eight years after COLUMBUS had made his first discovery, was turned from his course toward the Cape of Good Hope, and borne to the beach of Brazil; as if to show that what was accomplished by COLUMBUS might easily have been gained without him; that seven years later AUBERT entered the St. Lawrence; that six years later BALBOA saw the Southern Ocean; that three years later DE SOLIS found the Rio de Plata; that four years later MAGELLAN passed through his straits, and swept out upon the Pacific; that one year later CORTES invaded Mexico; that one year later BERMUDEZ met his gentle cluster; that four years later PIZARRO ravaged Peru; that ten years later ALMAGRO opened Chili; that two years later CORTES again discovered California, but not its wealth; that two years later DE SOTO, though disappointed in his search for mountains of gold and fountains of youth, made his way to the nobler and richer Mississippi; that two years later ORELLANA descended from the heights of Peru to the level of the Atlantic, by the winding channels of the mighty Maranon; that one year later CABRILLO discovered Cape Mendocino; that thirty-four years later FROBISHER ventured to his icy strait; that two years later DRAKE beheld Cape Horn, and named New Albion; and that seven years later DAVIS sailed into the strait which bears his name. Next succeeds, in like order, the story of the seventeenth century; Newport, and Virginia; SMITH and Chesapeake Bay; HUDSON, his river, straits, and bay; CHAMPLAIN, and his lake; SMITH again, and the mapping of New-England; BAFFIN, and his bay; DERMER, and Long-Island Sound; and then, a hundred and twenty-eight years after COLUMBUS first crossed the deep, CARVER, and the Pilgrim Fathers, on Plymouth Rock! Then WILLIAMS, and MARQUETTE, and PENN, and HENNEPIN, and SALE, continued the course, by wood and stream. Next succeeds the eighteenth century; BHERING, and HEARNE, and COOK, and VANCOUVER, and others; remembered the less, it may be, for the grandeur of the Revolution, and the glory of WASHINGTON. LEWIS opens the nineteenth century; and others add their various lines of toil, leaving wide regions even yet unexplored. So turning all toward the higher and brighter sphere whence the sun derives its lustre, they worship HIM who keeps 'the times' and 'the seasons in His own power;' and humbly acknowledge that the destinies of persons and nations, of planets and systems, infinitely too precious to be committed to any mere being of a breath, are exclusively dependent on His Divine control.'

We know not how this may impress the reader hereof, but for ourselves we cannot resist the impression that it combines eloquence of manner with felicitous condensation of fact, to a degree not often attained by writers of occasional addresses like the present. We have only to add, that the 'Sermon' from which we have so liberally quoted is beautifully printed, and to express our regret that we cannot indicate where it may be found on sale in this metropolis. And here we would take the liberty to hint to our friends, the western publishers, that if they would have their occasional publications, at least publications of as much merit as the one we have been considering, widely read, they would find it for their interest to have them on sale in the book-stores of New-York. We would suggest at least a trial of the experiment.

JENNY LIND. — Well, JENNY has come, and she has taken the town completely captive. She has had a continual ovation. From the time she landed from the noble steamer 'Atlantic,' amidst the welcoming cheers of thousands, until her fourth concert last evening at Castle-Garden — that vast hall, crowded to repletion, with its sea of heads, above, around, beneath, looking like MARTIN's picture of the resurrection day — JENNY LIND has encountered but one continued triumph. And well does she deserve it, and well does Mr. BARNUM deserve the thanks of the music-loving community for the liberal part which he has sustained, with so much honor to himself, in this matter. You hear PARVENU SNOBDOM, Esq., sometimes exclaim, what time he sucks the ivory foot of his little yellow rattan, or pulls up the horns of his shirt-collar till they chafe his long ears, 'W'at a pity that she should ha' kem over under the awspices of such a person as BARNUM! She is too clever to come out under such a showman.' We always like to hear such remarks as these, where they can be replied to: 'But, my dear Sir, we might have waited until doomsday, and waited in vain, for the advent of JENNY LIND, but for the enterprise and liberality of Mr. BARNUM. He was the only man in the republic who had the forecaste, the daring, the *generosity*, we may call it, to offer such liberal terms, with so many voluntary accessories, as would induce the lovely and noble-hearted Swedish NIGHTINGALE to leave Europe, where she could have named her own terms for years, and come to America.' And as to the impropriety of her coming 'under the auspices of such a person as Mr. BARNUM,' we should like to know what Mr. BARNUM has done, that he should be tabooed by PARVENU SNOBDOM, Esquire, and his kin. He has conducted a popular establishment, in which, at small cost, he has afforded gratification and amusement to millions of people. We confess that we have never seen the crowds of young persons and children who throng the American Museum, without thinking that that man was a public benefactor who could confer upon the many so much innocent enjoyment. Mr. BARNUM is a man of unexceptionable private character; he has travelled; he has seen the world; he has visited courts; he has been received, and with honor, in society abroad, into which PARVENU SNOBDOM, Esq. could neither coax, force, nor purchase an entrance; and his manners will bear a favorable comparison with those of the most imitative of the *mauvaise-riche* in Gotham. Thus much for *this* 'branch of our subject.' Now for JENNY LIND. And first, let us speak of the 'Song Committee' upon her '*Greeting to America*.' It is doubtless known to most of our readers that the Editor of this Magazine was one of the committee in question; we may be permitted therefore to say a few words touching the manner in which the duty of the committee was discharged. The number of songs sent in was enormous. We wish our readers could have seen our hard-working band, on a hot night 'in an upper-chamber,' with coats off, and perspiration 'a-pourink' off our faces, perusing those seven hundred and fifty tributes to JENNY herself, and to

'The land of the brave and the free'

Let no poetical writer for the KNICKERBOCKER ever send us *that* line! It was repeated over five hundred times in the songs we inspected. Well, there was a good deal of merit in many of the songs, but re-perusal and careful sifting, on other evenings, reduced the number to a very few, which were at length submitted, in full council, to the fair JENNY and the distinguished composer, JULES BENEDICT, for rejection or approval, on musical grounds. With characteristic unselfishness, the NIGHTINGALE rejected every thing that had a word or allusion in praise of herself: 'No,

no — *no*!" she would say to the reader, whenever he came to such allusions, 'no, no, *no*!' I not like to speak of *myself* — no; I wish to speak of *ze* contree — *ze* beautiful contree — I wish to say what I *feel* when I first see *ze* beautiful contree of freedom!" Many very fair songs were thrown out on this account. The committee had assigned to two songs, the one to which the prize was finally awarded, and the one by EPES SARGENT, Esq., of Boston, an equal degree of literary merit; but the vote of Mr. BENEDICT and Miss LIND was given to that by BAYARD TAYLOR, as being the most susceptible of musical adaptation. It may not be amiss to remark here, that we have observed in various journals, in different parts of the country, unfavorable comments upon the decision of the committee, and in certain of the more unscrupulous, broad insinuations, or direct charges, that that decision was a 'forgone conclusion.' We have only to say in reply, that if ever there was an examination faithfully conducted, and a decision honestly rendered, it was on this occasion. No one of the committee knew that BAYARD TAYLOR was a contributor, no one that he ever saw the piece which obtained the prize, until the sealed envelope containing his name was opened by the committee, 'in full council,' as we have said, with M<sup>lle</sup> LIND and Mr. BENEDICT. We give below both of the songs to which we have alluded. There is a very felicitous idea in the line,

'And opes to the sunset its pathway of gold.'

California and her treasures are beautifully conveyed by that adroit simile. It is moreover literally correct. From the farther side of San Francisco, looking out to the ocean, we are told that one sees at sunset the rays streaming in gorgeous splendor through the narrow entrance up the bay of San Francisco, exactly as through a gateway whose frame-work is of solid gold. The first of the ensuing stanzas was omitted in the singing by Miss LIND; the object being, we may presume, to lessen the burthen of English pronunciation, in which she is not as yet a proficient:

#### GREETING TO AMERICA.

WORDS BY BAYARD TAYLOR: MUSIC BY JULES BENEDICT.

##### I.

'Tis said that in silence the heart must reveal  
 What the faltering lip to its pleading denies,  
 When the warmth of its beating we may not conceal,  
 And grateful emotion is soft in the eyes;  
 But silence itself, in the region of song,  
 Is music made sweeter and purer in tone,  
 And the minstrel whose hopes to that region belong,  
 Must *feel* in its beautiful language alone.

##### II.

I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West,  
 Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled;  
 Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,  
 And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!  
 The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,  
 And rivers that roll in magnificent tide,  
 Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake,  
 And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

##### III.

Thou Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam  
 That severs the land of my fathers and thee,  
 I hear from thy bosom the welcome of home,  
 For Song has a home in the hearts of the free;  
 And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,  
 And long as thy heroes remember their scars,  
 Be the hands of thy children united as one,  
 And PEACE shed her light on thy Banner of Stars!

Mr. SARGENT's effort will commend itself to every reader. It has already been set to music by our friend DEMPSTER, the eminent vocalist, and most beautiful music it is; full of spirit, and with *his* execution, 'stirring the heart like a trumpet.'

SALUTATION TO AMERICA.

WORDS BY EPES SARGENT: MUSIC BY WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Land of the beautiful, land of the free,  
Often my heart had turned, longing to thee;  
Often had mountain, lake, torrent and stream  
Gleamed on my waking thought, crowded my dream;  
Now thou receivest me from the dark sea,  
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Fair to the eye in thy grandeur thou art;  
O doubly fair, doubly dear to the heart!  
For to the exiled, the trodden, the poor,  
Through the wide world thou hast opened the door;  
Millions crowd in, and are welcomed by thee,  
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Land of the Future! here ART shall repair —  
Kinder thy gale than her own Grecian air!  
Since her true votaries ever have found  
Lofly desert by America crowned;  
Where in her pride should she dwell but with thee,  
Land of the beautiful, land of the free?

Sculpture for thee shall immortalize Form;  
Painting illumine, and Poetry warm;  
Music devote all her fervors divine  
To a heart-service at Liberty's shrine;  
Till all thy gifts doubly precious shall be,  
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Hail, then, Republic of WASHINGTON, hail!  
Never may star of thy Union wane pale!  
Hope of the world! may each omen of ill  
Fade in the light of thy destiny still;  
Time bring but increase of honor to thee,  
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

It is unnecessary for us to speak of JENNY LIND's opening concert, for the daily journals have teemed with accounts of that, and each of the succeeding ones. We have seen enthusiasm evinced by audiences, but we never before saw *such* enthusiasm — *never*. Such a sea of waving handkerchiefs; such universal, prolonged, ecstatic applause, we never witnessed in any public place of entertainment. It was as the 'voice of one people.' And when this fervent, vehement applause had ended, and the fair object of it stood before that vast multitude, hushed to a silence so profound that you might have heard a feather eddy down from the dome — *then* was a time, and there was a scene, to be remembered. 'And now,' the reader will ask, 'what do you think of her singing? Is JENNY LIND what you had been led to expect? Is there, after all, any very *great* difference between her and other *good* singers whom you have heard? — and if so, in what does that difference consist?' Well, we will try to answer these questions as well as one can who is wholly ignorant of music as a science; who loves simple Scottish or Irish melodies, plaintive methodist hymns, and 'gems from the opera,' and sometimes essays to sing them when alone in his sanctum; and who has no affection for what is called 'difficult' or 'astonishing' execution in music. In the first place, then, JENNY LIND *sings*. She does n't squall; she does n't 'holler'; she neither makes a fuss nor 'makes faces'; she does n't 'yell'; she does n't 'shake' like a windy sliver on a chesnut-rail of a 'Virginia fence' in the country; she *sings*, in her natural, God-given, matchless voice. Her tones, round, full, rich, clear; equally effective, in



these qualities, whether at a point unattainable by other voices, or in the more subdued middle-notes; her tones take possession of the atmosphere; they fill all the vacant air; and they *melt into your heart*. 'This is not criticism.' We know *that* very well; but it is *true*, as truth came to at least one delighted listener, who required no knowledge of musical terms to make him *feel*, no previous education to make him *admire*. Now what *it is* that gives JENNY LIND this preëminent power, we cannot say; but it can only be *genius*, that gift from heaven; *genius*, akin to that which made the elder KEAN preëminent over all his contemporaries on the stage, although there were other and good players in his time. There is a great deal of unintelligible comment in the daily journals upon JENNY LIND, her voice and her 'style'; and we should almost fear the reacting effect of it upon such unsophisticated music-lovers as ourselves, of whom there are thousands in every community, but that JENNY can neither be injured in her reputation by injudicious friends, nor — if such a thing could be possible — concealed enemies. The best, the most understandable, and the least affected criticisms upon her performances, that we have seen, are to be found in the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal. But we must draw our *Lindiana* to a close. We have had the pleasure to meet the pure-hearted cantatrice in private, and have been charmed with her simplicity, frank sincerity of manner, and delightful *naïveté*; we have heard her, entranced, at her rehearsals, and at all her concerts; we have seen the nobleness and generosity of her heart in her munificent benefactions; and, 'to conclude,' while we commend to all who would compass a new sensation to lose no time in hearing her, we record it as our emphatic belief, that *nothing like JENNY LIND has ever been heard in America*. Set that down as 'Old KNICK's verdict.

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LITERATURE OF THE DRAMA. — We derive the following from a friend in whose literary judgments we should generally confide. We have not ourselves had the pleasure to hear Mr. BUCHANAN upon the stage, nor had an opportunity to peruse his new tragedy: 'The days of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MASSINGER, FORD, JONSON, GREENE, and that host of dramatists whose light shed such an effulgence over the literature of the ELIZABETHAN age, cannot be renewed in this practical epoch of the human race. Yet we need not despair, under a fortuitous combination of circumstances, of obtaining occasionally something like a reflection of that dramatic period. When great actors and great poets produce a culmination of intellect, the result can be nothing less than brilliant. A gentleman of education, gifted with rare mental and physical powers; endowed with a generous ambition and energy of purpose; familiar with the mechanism of the stage, and with every requisite for popular admiration and respect, recently created for himself a creditable reputation on the boards of many of our theatres. The son of a distinguished family, Mr. BUCHANAN has committed his fortunes to the sea of public opinion, and the general belief is, that it will not prove treacherous to his hopes. With a determination to avoid the calamities to which many actors have been subjected, this gentleman, we understand, has determined to annex himself to the dramatic literature of his times. As a practical illustration of his determination, he has purchased a tragedy from a gentleman well known as a successful dramatist. The historical points of this dramatic effort are well known. The story is that of ARRIA and the distinguished family of PÆTUS CÆCINNA, which flour-

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ished during the reign of **CLAUDIUS CÆSAR**, the fifth of the Roman emperors. **CÆCINNA** was a consul in the early part of that reign, and was stationed in Dalmatia, the scene of the first act of the play. From this province he was recalled by the agency of **PALLAS**, the minion and minister of the emperor, leaving his wife **ARRIA**, his daughter and **THRASEUS**, afterward the husband of the latter. These persons, history informs us, set sail for Rome on a tempestuous night, following the fortunes of the noble consul. The embarkation, in a fisher's galley, terminates the first act, the language of which abounds with many happy natural touches, and affords introductory impressions of the chief characters. The play then moves forward with a variety of beautiful and effective incidents, tracing the history and love of **THRASEUS** and **ARRIA**'s daughter. The love-scene, as the stage technically terms such passages, is a beautiful series of expressions and thoughts. A few lines will illustrate the style of the author, in the more quiet passages of his work :

'No! let us think with Syracusan **DION**,  
On whose yet infant lips Hymettus' bees  
Sipped more delicious food than grows in flowers,  
That love's desires are still but memories  
Of life, anterior wholly to the births,  
Which mantling thus with dark mortality  
Our heaven-born souls, doomed us to walk this earth  
Care-thronged together.

'Would it were no dream!

'Think it is none. Then as we feel our love  
Still but a continuity, that leads  
Up to that high original and true  
Affinity first joined us there, we'll gather  
Strength, hope — yes, blessings from the lovely faith  
Thus cherished, and defy the world that mocks us.'

'In some of the more powerful scenes of the play the expressions are full of force ;  
as for instance :

'HAST thou heard  
Of some fresh outbreak on the general peace,  
Or of some act which, *hinging on ourselves*,  
*Creaks of destruction?*'

'The omen of a bird wounded, falling at **CÆCINNA**'s feet, is thus described :

'THE worst is not yet told. A minute passed,  
And, poised above the roof, appeared a bird,  
Pierced by a cruel shaft, that tore its wings.  
With piteous notes and lamentations loud,  
Its song bewailed the hapless agony  
That poured the life-blood o'er its shining plumes;  
Yet mourned it thus not long. Exhausted soon,  
In swift and strange gyrations to the earth  
It fell, close at my father's feet, and then  
Its breast expanding with its pain, one sigh  
It heaved, and calmly perished.'

'The character of **CLAUDIUS** is painted with brilliant colors. The historical precision of the author is not the least merit of the portraiture. We have not space, however, to enter upon all the peculiar manifestations of poetical and dramatic capability which have been displayed by the author. Perhaps the best compliment he can receive is the simple fact that not three lines have been changed since it was put into the hands of Mr. **BUCHANAN**. There will doubtless be much anxiety on the part of the public to see the new play and the new actor, a treat which may be enjoyed in the course of a short time. Until then, we forbear to raise any unfounded anticipations of success. We learn that there is not the slightest apprehension felt either that the play or the actor will fall short of public favor. Surely, it would be a sad want of taste if both are not well received.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We have received from Mr. SIDNEY WEST, of Manchester, N. H., a dingy little pamphlet, of twenty-four pages, bearing the sounding title of '*The Object of God with respect to the Final State of Man, introduced by an Address to the Deity, to which is added an Hymn.*' It was accompanied by a note to the Editor hereof, in which the writer modestly observes: 'This is the first work I have ever favored the public with; but as you will perceive by the preface, it is but the prelude to another more extended work upon the same or kindred subject; and if, by the circulation of this, I am led to believe the public mind to be in a sufficiently advanced state for the inception of my views, I shall hasten their publication; but if otherwise, I shall defer it till, in the advance of intelligence, the progress of science, and the general enlightenment of the people, I shall find the public mind to be in a state proper to receive and digest the doctrines inculcated in them.' Is n't that rather modest? Would n't you think it was a modern JOHN MILTON speaking of a second '*Paradise Lost*? Now we propose to afford the reader an example or two of the inspirations of that genius for which the world is not yet ready. We quote first from the first page of '*An Address to Man*:'

'Those noble powers with which we are endowed,  
And sensibilities, all cry aloud,  
There is a God of wisdom, power and might,  
Who fills all space, and rules the day and night;  
Man, beast, fowl, fish, and insects, every kind,  
Declare this truth, and all things else combined;  
The murmuring rills and streams that gently flow,  
And glistening brooks, while rivers larger go,  
To seek a centre and to find a home  
Where raging waves and rolling billows foam:  
The mountains high, and yonder valleys low,  
Rocks, hills and plains, and even meadows, show,  
The sun and moon, and all the stars, declare,  
There is a God who made and placed them there:  
But, notwithstanding demonstration great,  
In proof of God, who did all things create,  
Some men there are, though strange it first may seem,  
Who vainly dare deny the God supreme,  
And say that we and all things come by chance,  
And labor hard to this idea enhance.'

From the same '*Address*' we select at random the following lines, as specimens merely of the writer's style:

'I now observe the all-acknowledged fact  
That man exists, and trace his being back;  
In doing which I am just now inclined  
To take for help the holy book divine.'

'From all eternity, we do believe,  
If by the account we're not deceived,  
That in the one and never-changing Mind  
Was man created, and in him confined;  
With him alone were all things present then,  
And thus he viewed the final state of man.'

'Then raise thine eyes to the impartial fields,  
And ask the sun why he such pleasures yields?  
What hand hast thou to guide thy rays of light,  
To warm the earth, enhance the world's delight?  
So free, impartial, as from thee are sent,  
So cheer mankind and fill them with content,  
So universal as thou deign'st to rise  
On all alike, the evil, good, and wise;  
Then ask the stars that gem the azure sky  
Why they were made and hang so pendant high?  
And, if an answer from their spheres should fall,

They would acknowledge that the God of all  
Was their CREATOR, and his mighty hand  
Does guide them on in one united band,  
To praise his wisdom, and his power make known,  
As they revolve impartial round his throne.

'THAT God is happy, and his bliss complete;  
Tis pure and perfect, and, I dare repeat,  
It always was and always will remain  
Unchanged, undiminished, and the same:  
And I candidly ask, were it not so,  
Where is the being that will come and show,  
And spread this once before my ears and eyes,  
Where in the universe perfection lies?  
If doctrines were true which thousands have preached,  
Then happiness with God is not complete,  
Which I could not believe though I should try.'

There, that will do to show what sort of a poet Mr. SIDNEY WEST is in *that* style of verse: let us exhibit another 'section' of his genius in 'Section Second,' a scene in Heaven:

'THE wolf and lion and ferocious bear  
Shall feed on grass, the infant lead them there;  
The gentle lamb shall round them skip and play,  
Shall stop to rest, and with them harmless lie.

'The little child secure from harm shall lie  
By adders' dens, and yet not fear to die;  
The cockatrice no more its poison find,  
And serpents' bites no more disturb mankind.'

'WHEN round the bed of sickness, pain and wo,  
We're called to weep, though tears like torrents flow,  
The light of truth with pure effulgence shine,  
To cheer the soul and animate the mind.

'Gratuitous, then, with all our pow-ers, rise;  
On wings of love soar upward to the skies,  
Till one loud climax from JEROMAN great  
Shall speak us all within the future state.'

'JESUS CHRIST should be Preached rather than Man' is the title of a poem which opens thus felicitously:

'To preach ourselves would not be right,  
Though all the powers of earth unite,  
And every tongue on earth combine,  
Declare that such was God's design.

'Though we should stand in garbs of light,  
With seraphs' powers and angels' might,  
We could not, with those pow-ers, fill  
The holy place on Zion's hill.'

From 'Lines written in an Album' on the death of the author's brother, we take these touching stanzas. How they do rack the 'feelinks'!

'O, how diminished are those joys  
With which you once were blessed!  
How human sorrow oft decoys  
The charms of your fair breast!

'It is with feelings I deplore  
The loss you now sustain,  
And feel to sympathize the more,  
That troubles still remain.

'T was Providence that gave you life  
Of him you once was blest,  
Till you became the wished-for wife  
Of much-loved HENRY WEST:

'Who, e'er nine months had rolled away,  
Was called to gasp and die,  
And his glad spirit winged its way  
To fairer worlds on high.

'He was the husband of your choice,  
The object of your love;  
Is now permitted to rejoice  
With cherubims above.

'Therefore, the loss you so much felt  
Was heavenly gain to him;  
Be patient, then; the LORD will help,  
Till you shall meet again.'

The work from which the foregoing passages are extracted is to be followed, it would seem, by another, entitled '*The Progress of the Kingdom of Heaven from its Com-*

*mentement to its Final Consummation,*' a subject sufficiently large to test the writer's powers. While Mr. SIDNEY WEST is preparing this great work for the press, however, we take the liberty to whisper in his ear, that he is ignorant of the commonest rules of grammar; that he has n't a *spark* of poetry in him; that his ridiculous presumption is only equalled by his inanity; and 'finally, and to conclude,' that he had better hang up, at once and forever, the squeaking corn-stalk fiddle that he has mistaken for the poetical lyre. Good morning, Mr. WEST! If you should be passing through Eaton, in your state, call and see Mr. THOMAS RANDALL, of that place. *He* is a poet, too, as we have lately shown, and decidedly of your school. . . . 'I saw,' writes a Ballston correspondent, 'in an old number of the KNICKERBOCKER which I took up at the United States' Hotel in Saratoga, the other day, an allusion, in some theatrical notice of yours, to 'SHALES,' as an eminent American actor. Now will you have the kindness to inform me who the d——l is SHALES?' Such ignorance may be pardoned in a person 'from the rural districts;' but in this city, or in the 'Literary Emporium' of this ked'ntry, not to know SHALES would be to 'argue one's self unknown.' SHALES was a native genius. His 'parts' were first exposed in Boston. He came hither with the stamp, the legitimate *imprimatur*, of that decided and decisive town. He came with his 'blushing honors thick upon him.' Our friend Colonel GREENE of the 'Boston Post,' (although ours are the 'principles of 'ninety-eight,' we wish well to that most pleasant sheet,) had but recently publicly presented him with a huge service of tin-plate, on a big salver. The plate was very bright and luminous, and only somewhat too large for ordinary use; but 'there were gi-yants in those days,' and SHALES was 'one of 'em.' The COLONEL, dressed in the old continental uniform, in use 'about *tea-time*' in Boston, when the hour for 'the presentation' approached, faltered; for the house was crowded, and the 'beneficiary' had just been encored for the fourth time in the death-scene of RICHARD the Third, 'the bloody *scoundrel*,' as we remember hearing SHALES pronounce himself, while personating that remorseless character. Well, the COLONEL, as we have said, faltered at the very rising of the curtain, which had at last fallen. 'The Tremont' was a jam; the silence was awful; the COLONEL stood at the wing, with his tin 'service' ready for delivery, as was also the brief speech which was to accompany it. Seeing his hesitancy, two 'anxious friends' behind the scenes pushed the COLONEL onto the stage. The applause was tremendous. SHALES, whose legs were thin and long, and formed, when he stood erect, an irregular parenthesis, took the salver of tin - 'plate,' and the COLONEL, with a very brief speech, retired. And there stood SHALES, with nothing to say, and nobody to say it to; his arms extended with the tray which held the complimentary 'service.' His appealing look at the audience was most pitiful to see. But what was he to do? He was awaiting the *pleasure* of the audience; he had 'took roots,' like the lonely 'wall-flower' mentioned in our last number. While he was thus quandarilly musing, there descended upon him from the gallery several brown-paper bags filled with flour; these striking his head and the 'service,' covered him and his sheet-iron tribute with cereal snow. The storm continued; but these pellets were finally interrupted by a wreath, that would have been a treasure for a green-grocer. It was afterward brought to New-York from Boston. Our friend STETSON had it suspended for some time in the office of his incomparable hotel, the Astor-House. The substratum was a strong rope hay-band, three feet in circumference. An artist made it up. There were cabbages, white and purple; parsnips; turnips, long and round; carrots; potatoes, of a large 'kidney;' in short, long and

short saase, of every description. If it had *hit* the poor-devil actor it would have broken his neck or his ribs. Well, well; 'enough said' at this present. 'Praps,' reader, we may hereafter try to give you a reminiscence of SHALES' advent in New-York. 'Who the d——l is SHALES?' eh? 'You shall *see* anon:' 't was a waggish piece of work. . . . GENIN, in Broadway, adjoining the American Museum, the HATTER, par excellence, of the metropolis at this moment, deserves his good fortune; being certainly one of the most tasteful artists in his line in this city. Nor can there be found, in any similar depository in town, at all times, so splendid an assortment of articles usually purchasable at kindred establishments. His materials are of the first order; his fashions are the latest and most graceful; and he is 'himself alone' in the concoction and invention of those beautiful 'head-arrangements' for ladies and children, for which his establishment has become *almost* as famous as the enthusiastic spirit which prompted him to give two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the best seat to hear JENNY LIND at her first concert in America. . . . The story of the stupidity of the Binghampton 'Boots' has suggested to a friend the subjoined personal reminiscence:

'Some years ago, I left the city of New-York in the good ship 'ASHBURTON,' Captain HUDDLESTON commander, all bound to England. The winds were favorable, and although the seas rolled higher than the billows of my native Potomac, I felt pretty much at home upon the 'peopled deck.' The passage across was made in good time, and when off Cape Clear some twenty miles, there appeared, riding like a wild duck upon the dashing billows of the ocean, a tiny, old-fashioned, Irish pilot-boat. That 'wee thing' had ventured out with its whiskey-scented sails thus far at sea, to catch our leviathan and show her the 'way up to town.' We were then foaming it along in a direct line for the French coast, and stood in no particular need of our Irish friend. However, I determined, if I could muster a party, to venture my trunk and person in the pilot-boat, and visit Ireland. This resolution met with warm approval from three or four good men and true, and in a short time we stood to, and PADDY was alongside, and soon her decks were adorned with our party. A basket of cold fowl and a few bottles of capital champagne, the gift of our worthy captain, accompanied us as body comforts, and in the twinkling of a 'sky-scraper' we wore away.

'There rode our gallant ship upon the high sea, her bows tossing the foam before her like a snow-storm, and the flag of the States streaming out upon the British winds. Three cheers from her hardy crew, three cheers from our party, and we separated. Her haven was to be Liverpool, ours some southern town of the Emerald Isle. In a few hours the extreme point of Ireland grew into vastness, and Cape Clear, rocky and flinty, and purpled and powdered under a summer sun, was passed at the distance of a biscuit-throw. Then came the rocks that bound the harbor of the fishing town of Baltimore, and anon we were visited by the guardians of the customs, and our trunks searched for contraband goods; and well did some of us look like gentlemen of the smuggling line of business. We passed in safety HER MAJESTY'S right-hand men, and touched the sod.

'Tarrying not long in the peat-smoked village, we departed, after a dinner of milk and potatoes, for the famous town of Skibbereen. Arriving there in the gloaming of the day, we were conducted by a speculative crowd of outwardly-appearing assassins to the hotel. We engaged thence for Cork (city of the beautiful harbor) an entire stage or coach. The hour was fixed for departure on the following morning, at half-past five.

'We tired men sought our beds, with commands to the servant to wake us in time in the morning. I was awake about three o'clock, when I heard my door open, and saw a man enter my room. He approached my bed with stealthy steps, and placed his hand upon my shoulder. 'Sir,' said he, 'are ye asleep at all?' 'No, my good fellow; but what is the matter?' 'Och! on my honor,' replied the waiter, for it was he, 'I've something to tell ye: I've been in to wake the gentlemen, but it is too early. I know it, but I was a little by the head last night, and forgot; and when I waked your friend, he said it was n't time, and I must let him sleep. I'm sorry for it, and came to tell ye.' I told him to leave me, and that I would wake the party myself at the proper time. When we all met in the parlor, and were ready for a start, one of my friends told me that the infernal waiter had waked him at three o'clock, and when he told him that it was too early to get up, the fellow had gone out of his room, but that while he was asleep, about an hour afterward, had returned and waked him to apologise for having disturbed him before. 'I accepted his regrets,' said my friend,

'and as I cast my eyes at his retreating figure, and caught the expression of his honest but excessively stupid face, I could hardly control a fit of laughter, and should have laughed outright, but that it was too early; he seemed so contented and self-satisfied at having put all right again; and I have no doubt he boasts to this day of his good conduct in waking a man up to apologise for having waked him before. If this is not a fair specimen of an Irish waiter, then put me down as a nobody, and don't publish this yarn, but send it to some long-winded paper, where they publish elaborate prefaces to a small point.'

'GRIEF hath been known to turn the young head grey;' so says the poet; and this silver livery of wo might have appeased even the philosophical HAMLET. The gentler sex have some notions of 'the proprieties of grief' which we scarcely wot of. For instance: 'Here are three pretty ladies of my acquaintance,' (writes a friend of ours) 'at a milliner's, purchasing caps. Pretty little 'what-nots' the said caps are; one is '*à la republique*,' another '*rococo*.' But before the ladies buy, they make a bargain with the milliner. Their mother is lying dangerously ill; she may die; possibly within a day or so; and if so, all these tasteful little lilac and blue bows and fly-away ribbons must be changed to black, without extra charge. That is the agreement. So the three pretty sisters pulled out three pretty purses and paid for the three pretty caps with the lilac and blue bows. They were evidently thinking of their dying mother, or they never would have driven the hard bargain with the milliner concerning the black ribbons. 'Ladies,' said I, 'you remind me of what happened to me once. An aunt of mine was very ill, and my Sunday waistcoat was of yellow kerseymere. I could not afford to buy a new one in case she died, and my only way was to dye my waistcoat. But the dyer said it would take a week to do it. Here was a strait! If I got my waistcoat dyed in advance, my aunt might live; if it went undyed, my aunt might die. For two or three days I went about melancholy enough, and people said 'Poor fellow! he takes it hard about his aunt!' At last I determined to make the sacrifice; and I took my vest to the dyer. During that week I watched my aunt with more than filial care; on some days she was better, on other days worse. That was a black-and-yellow week for me. At last, much to my disappointment, on the very day my black waistcoat came home, the doctors pronounced her out of danger!' When I had finished, I was surprised to see that the three pretty sisters were shocked at my levity; in fact the eldest told me, I 'ought not to talk of serious matters in such a trifling way;' then turning round and giving some farther directions to the milliner about the lilac and blue bows, with a hint touching the bargain concerning the black ribbons, the three pretty sisters left the milliner and me to our reflections.' . . . We are doing good service to the traveller upon the romantic windings of the Erie Rail-Road, by mentioning the fact, that a splendid house has been erected on the site of the old 'Mansion House' at the pretty village of Elmira. The new hotel is built upon the most commodious plan: the main entrance is within a few feet of the ample dining-room, on the first floor, and the sleeping rooms, on the second and third stories, open upon wide and straight halls, which extend from one end of the house to the other. The greatest care has been taken to afford light, ventilation, and comfort, in the construction of this house; and when we add that it is to be kept by SILAS HAIGHT, we need proceed no farther. '*Apropos*,' said a friend, looking over the editorial shoulder, (every body looks over an editor's shoulder,) 'that reminds me of a story I heard in the 'Old Mansion.' A friend of mine, a capital lawyer, had 'a case' before an old justice in that county. Well, old JURISPRUDENCE had tried my friend's temper until the dams gave way, and he indulged in some intensives which were any thing but respectful. 'Take care Sir,' said old CIVIS, 'I'll

commit you, Sir, if you say that again.' 'You commit me!' replied my friend, chinking up the gaps with the offensive expletives, 'why you don't know enough to make out a mittinus.' 'I'll see,' said the old fellow, dipping his pen in a broken blue tea-cup, and drawing out a slip of paper. Sure enough, he had a form of the commitment, and to work he went, copying it off, and filling in my friend's name, with the offence, etc., etc. 'There, Sir,' said old JURISPRUDENCE, wiping his pen with one 'dab' of his broad tongue, 'what do you think of *that*?' 'All right,' said my friend; 'have a little sand?' he added, taking up the blue tea-cup. 'No, Sir, no!' shouted the justice. *It was too late.* Down came the cup, 'ker-swash,' bottom side up. 'There, you old fool, before you get out in the woods and scrape enough witch-hazel to make you some more ink, I shall be just where I want to be!' Pretty good, that. Taking this functionary for a specimen, the Hon. MICHAEL WALSH was n't far out of the way when he said, 'It takes more intelligence to keep out of the way of the New-York omnibusses than it does to make a country justice.' . . . MOTHERS! mothers! do us the kindness to read '*The Baby's Complaint*' which ensueth. We saw the little boy who wrote it 'in his first year,' no longer ago than last week, in the beautiful saloon of the steamer 'Erie,' coming down from Piermont. His eyes were in a 'fine frenzy rolling' at the time, being nearly jolted out of his little head; and he was exhibiting unmistakable 'emotion':

'Oh, mother, dear mother! no wonder I cry!  
More wonder by far that your baby don't die;  
No matter what ails me, no matter who's here,  
No matter how hungry the 'poor little dear';  
No matter if full, or all out of breath,  
She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death!

'I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee;  
I like all her talk, but wo unto me!  
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,  
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;  
And that's very well — I can bear soap and water —  
But mother, she's such an unmerciful trotter!

'Pretty ladies, I want just to look at your faces,  
Pretty cap, pretty fire, let me see how it blazes;  
And she trots me the harder, the harder I sob,  
Oh mother, do stop her! I'm inwardly sore,  
I hiccup and cry, and she trots me the more,  
And talks about 'wind'; 't is *she* makes me ache!  
Wish 't would blow her away, for poor baby's sake!

'Thank goodness, I'm still; oh blessed be quiet!  
I'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it;  
Of foolish old customs my mother's no lover,  
And the wisdom of this she can never discover.  
I'll rest me awhile and just look about,  
And laugh up at SALLY, who peeps in and out,  
And pick up some notions as soon as I can,  
To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.

'Oh dear, is that she? — is she coming so soon?  
She's bringing my dinner with tea-cup and spoon:  
She'll hold me with one hand, in 'tother the cup,  
And as fast it's down, she'll just shake it up,  
And thumpity-thump with the greatest delight,  
Her heel it is going from morning till night:  
All over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,  
Trot — trotting! just think, what I'm doomed to endure!

Exactly; 'just think of it,' mothers; and while you are thinking of that, just think of *another* thing, in which both you and your nurses are sad offenders. Re-



collect that the heads of your juveniles are not brick-bats, nor the tender skin which covers them cow-hide. How many tears have we seen *expressed* from the eyes of little people whose heads were being *raked* by a careless nurse with the morning comb! How many *just* baby-complaints have we heard against the screwing-up process of morning hair-curling! We admit that we have 'never been a mother;' but that's nothing to do with the question. The thing to be considered is, whether it is necessary to trot a child to death, or to put it in purgatory every morning with a fine-tooth comb, or the cruel 'curl-finger' of an Irish nurse? These are questions which we think ought to be 'mooted.' . . . Four great excitements have passed over this community within two years; the California excitement; the fight between TOM HYER and YANKEE SULLIVAN; the PARKMAN mystery; and the arrival of JENNY LIND. These four great excitements have been filled in with smaller excitements, 'thick as the leaves in Valambrosa;' excitements of a few hours, a day, a week; then comes a great nine-day-wonder, gathering head, mighty, resistless, overwhelming; and straightway the whole community is submerged. Just to think of it; how many editors (beside ourself, and some 'beside themselves,') are now writing a taking article about JENNY LIND! Engravers making copper-heads of her; music-printers rolling off her songs by the score; pianos hammering her music; artificers sending her whips, gloves, soda-water, gold pens, pickles, hats, cooking-stoves, spurs, patent-medicines, the works of CORNELIUS MATHEWS, tea-kettles, riding habits, card-cases, boquets and baby-jumpers. Then visitors without number; civil, military, judicial, theological and musical; monster-serenades, with a body-guard of glowing firemen like illuminated red-peppers; thirty thousand dollar concerts! WHAT! 'ain't we a great people?' . . . CAN any body inform us what has become of 'LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE?' Any one who can give information concerning these three French gentlemen, who are missing, will be suitably rewarded. . . . 'WHAT do you call a public-spirited indiwidivle?' asked one of those philosophers who are generally found sitting on a pile of timber, of a warm night, in front of some unfinished building. 'A public-spirited indiwidivle?' Why, when I was a boy, it meant 'an indiwidivle who would do for the public whatever he could;' now it means 'an indiwidivle who will *do* the public whenever he can.' . . . AMID all this deluge of harmony with which our city has been visited, belike most of our readers have forgotten a sweet, silvery voice, that some three years ago, at the 'Old Park,' used at times to draw tears from all eyes with its exquisite pathos. There was a strange fascination in that voice; it was not for the first time heard — we trust it has not been for the last. Dost thou remember, oh wonderful reader! who art now puzzling thy five wits over this subsection, any thing of the following?

'GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies on his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form:  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.'

Does that recall the — Ah yes; you are right, worthy friend; it was ELLEN TREE! . . . 'I STAND,' said a western stump-orator, 'on the broad platform of the principles of 'ninety-eight; and palsied be my arm, if I desert 'em!' 'You do n't stand on nothin' of the kind!' interrupted a little shoe-maker in the crowd; 'you stand in a pair of my boots, that you 've never paid for, and I want the money!'

This slight remark seemed to lessen the value of his 'principles' in the mind of the by-standers. . . . Our old friend, THOMAS PLACIDE, is recruiting his company for his popular theatre, the '*Variétés*,' at New-Orleans. CHIPPENDALE, whom every New-York play-goer knows and admires, is his stage-manager; moreover, he takes away BASS, whom we are sorry to part withal. He is a man of profound study in his art, an excellent actor, a well-read scholar, with whom SHAKESPEARE is a household word. We commend him, and his excellent brother-actor, CHIPPENDALE, to the courtesies of our friends in the South-West. . . . Our pleasant and lively contemporary, the daily '*Evening Mirror*,' gives as a literary *on dit*, that 'PUFFER HOPKINS is engaged in writing his Autobiography, after the manner of LEIGH HUNT. The 'Mutual Admiration Society' have subscribed for the entire edition, with the exception of a 'presentation copy,' held in reserve.' Will it embrace the notice of the writer, which we are told the author of 'The Living Authors of America' affirms was written by 'PUFFER' himself for that work? It *ought* to, surely. . . . DURING the Presidential campaign of 'forty-eight,' writes a correspondent from a western county of the 'Empire State,' 'an Abolition convention was held in a small village, fourteen miles from this place, which was quite well attended, by females as well as males. Before the regular speaking commenced, some general business was transacted, and quite a number of propositions, that were deemed too temporizing, were discussed and 'laid upon the table.' A young orator, who held the sympathies of the audience, then took the stand, and carried every thing by storm: all was enthusiasm, especially among the females. They despised, they hated those who had made martyrs of the poor abolitionists. At the close of the speech, the orator invited any opponent to answer him if he could. By special request, a lawyer by the name of JOHN SMITH took the stand, and commenced analyzing the arguments of his predecessor. One by one he disposed of his illusions, until the whole fog-bank was blown to the winds. He did not only this, but reprimanded the audience, the softer sex more particularly, for allowing their sympathy and zeal to overbalance their judgment. This was too much; and a middle-aged dame in the back part of the house sprang to her feet, and through the knowledge of the parliamentary tactics which she had imbibed in the beginning of the proceedings, startled the audience by exclaiming, in a shrill voice, that she '*would just move that Mr. JOHN SMITH be laid on the table!*'' . . . WE observe in a daily journal, copied from the 'Dublin University Magazine,' STRADAS' early imaginary *Theory of the Electric Telegraph*. The article, with its comments, appeared originally in the KNICKERBOCKER, some three or four months ago. . . . WE jot down this subsection of 'Gossipry' in full view of a goodly scene. A little ink-vial hangs suspended over the narrow table whereon we are scribbling. It is suspended upon a nail beside the window, and every time we take a dive with our grey goose-quill to its bottom, we must needs look out upon the scene before us; and 'beautiful exceedingly' it is. 'Hills which might be mountains' rise with the horizon on every hand; undulating gracefully, and opening at intervals into sunny valleys, rich with the *last* green of summer, the richest of all verdure; with now and then a glimpse, merely a glimpse, of the Croton river, widening to the lake of that name, which itself begins at scarce half a mile's distance. 'T was a pleasant 'sceden,' when we arrived by the 'swift-sure' Harlaem cars, about two hours ago. The day was most lovely; and on the lawn before the house, sprinkled with peach-trees, bending with their luscious burthen, and embellished with a flower-bordered path to the door, were our little people, 'all at play;' young KNICK. ran,

shouting to greet us, his large lustrous hazel eyes beaming with excitement; a little girl of five years, 'Jose' high, by diminuendo, followed, bearing in her arms as now-white poodle, a recent acquisition; and close at her heels toddled and waddled the little fat 'two-year-old,' crowing lustily with the best of them; and in the back-ground of all, leading 'dark-eyed MARY' down the walk, came one who regarded the scene with a watchful, maternal eye. After all, it may be that this scene seemed so pleasant to us mainly because we had been thinking what it *might* be, while we were writing in the lonely, deserted sanctum, interrupted by the pattering of no little feet, nor by any of the familiar 'voices of childhood.' Likely as not. . . . 'B.'s 'corrections' are not improvements. The lines will not do; in fact, they are made worse. They remind us of the lad who complained to his mother of his pug-nose, about which he was thoroughly discouraged, for it was 'gettin' pugger and pugger every day!' We advise our correspondent simply to change his *subject*. He has good *thoughts*; but in re-revolving the old theme, he 'comes out of the same hole he went in at.' . . . Our friend DEMPSTER has recently been giving a series of concerts to delighted metropolitan audiences. 'He has drawn good houses,' says the *Evening Post*, 'in the intervals between JENNY LIND's concerts, and contents himself with no less space for his audience than the Tabernacle. POPE, in the beginning of one of his pastorals, addressing a poetical friend, and asking leave to sing, while he is silent, has four lines which Mr. DEMPSTER might use:

'So, when the NIGHTINGALE to rest removes,  
The THRUSH may chant to the forsaken groves;  
But charmed to silence, listens while she sings,  
And all the aerial audience clap their wings.'

WE rode with a friend the other day, through a rich and varied section of good old Westchester county, to the little village of Somers'-Town, on the Sing-Sing and Danbury turnpike. The town of Somers has given birth to nearly all the most distinguished menagerie and circus-exhibitors in the country; among others, to the TURNERS, those graceful riders and 'gymnastys,' whose early home we passed on our return. There is scarcely a house, noteworthy for evidences of thrift and opulence in its owner, but was held by 'an exhibition-man,' as our friend termed it. 'There,' said he, pointing to a fine mansion, 'lived a menagerie-man, who recently died worth a hundred thousand dollars. He made a good deal of the money by marriage. He married a kind of a *squaw*, I reckon, in the West-Indies, about a week before his company left. She was rich as a Jew, and in less than a week she made over to him thirty thousand hard dollars. That was pretty much all *he* wanted, I expect; for when his company came away *he* came with 'em; but his wife didn't know it. He came away in the lion's cage, who was a great friend of his; and he never saw his wife ag'in, nor his child, and his wife has never seen *him*!' . . . HERE is a very pretty '*Serenade*,' from a Vermont correspondent:

*So he sung, and so she listened  
From the window high,  
While the dew-drops shone and glistened,  
And the stars were in the sky:*

'LADY! lady! time is fleeting,  
Youth will soon be passed,  
And the heart — its very beating  
Wears it out at last.

'Listen to me, fairest maiden!  
By the stars above,  
Ere thy life with years is laden,  
Yield thy heart to love!"

*So he sung, and so she listened  
To her lover's lay,  
And while the dew-drops shone and glistened,  
Laughing turned away.*

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

Apropos of serenades; an esteemed friend read us one the other day, which was exceedingly beautiful; and we have his promise that it shall hereafter grace these

pages. . . . We have stepped, many and many a time, during the past summer, into an apartment adjoining the sanctum, to feast our eyes upon the wealth of foliage which overran the grape-trellice, so thick as to let in only a green and tempered light through the windows. And as we glanced at the multitudinous green clusters, we said, 'Here are the kindly fruits of the earth, and in due time we may enjoy them.' And now, all over the parlor-piazza, all over its roof, all over the third-story trellice, hangs the luscious 'ISABELLA,' in single, double, braided clusters; and at the end of the flower-garnished walks, is another equally 'fruitful vine;' while the two peach-trees, that looked so pretty when in full blossom, mark you how they bend to the ground with the abundance which fills their branches! Propped up, tied up, braced up as they are, it 'doos' seem as if they 'could n't stand it.' Their burthen is greater than they can bear. Come up, friends, and help us to eat our grapes. Basket after basket goes away, on a friendly errand, yet is there no apparent diminution. Guess we have said enough about the grapes and peaches, though, at this 'present writing.' . . . THE President of the English Royal Academy, Sir MARTIN ARTHUR SHEE, F. R. S., died recently at Brighton, after a long and severe illness, at the age of eighty years. It was upon his name that LAMB once made an awful joke. Two men at a club-house were suggesting the paternity of a picture on the walls, when one of them remarked, 'I'll wager you a guinea that that picture was painted by SHEE.' 'I beg your pardon,' said LAMB, in his driest manner, 'but would it not be more grammatical to say 'painted by *her*?' . . . THE reader will remember the lines published in the KNICKERBOCKER for August, 1849, entitled '*My Boy*.' They were the joyful out-breathing of a father at the birth of his first-born son. Fifteen months has that baby-boy been permitted to live in this world, and now God has taken him to HIMSELF. It seems but as yesterday that the fond parent wrote:

'Room for him into the  
Ranks of humanity;  
Give him a place in  
Your kingdom of vanity:  
Welcome the stranger with  
Kindly affection,  
Hopefully, trustfully,  
Not with dejection.

'Incomprehensible,  
Budding immortal!  
Thrust all amazedly  
Under life's portal:  
Born to a destiny  
Clouded in mystery,  
Wisdom itself cannot  
Guess at his history.'

Ah! that history was as a tale that is told; his 'little life was rounded with a sleep,' and he is 'taken from the evil to come.' Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than to travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness and end in storm. 'It is well with the child.' . . . THROUGH the kindness of an obliging friend, we visited the other day the *Croton D—m*, one of the most magnificent profane structures of its kind in America. Our route lay along the eastern bank of Croton Lake, by a road which looked, by glints, upon that charming body of water, and the bright green shores which line it on either side. At 'PINE'S Bridge' we drew rein to rest 'BILLR' the horse, and look over the latest journals at SEELEY'S pretty 'Croton-Hotel.' There's a big half-hogshead, anear, into which the deep blue mountain-spring water was running with a lulling sound; and there 'YOUNG KNICK.' saw for the first time a long blue pickerel, that fresh-water shark; and, as POWER used to sing, in 'The Groves of Blarney,' 'when he went to take a-howld ov him did n't he immagently swim away?' Arrived at the d—m, we examined 'the works;' first feasting our eyes upon the sliding, gliding twin-sheets of water, breaking into feathery foam, that pour over those huge granite walls. When we were examining the rocky entrance-way to the great aqueduct, we could not help wishing

that every citizen who draws a glass of water from a Croton 'fixture' could be where we were, to see the commencement of that flood which rolls its waters along a subterranean passage for forty-three miles, before it reaches the metropolis. We do n't half enough value our commonest blessings, nor half frequently enough think of the forecaste and public-spirited enterprise that have secured them to us and to our posterity. The Croton Aqueduct is among the most remarkable structures in the world. . . . 'A CLASSICAL INQUIRY,' writes a town friend, 'suggested itself recently to my mind, which, after beating my brain with all the aid even of Mr. GLIDDON's scarabai, or beetles, I am unable as yet to solve. I appeal therefore to your clearer judgment to learn whether in your opinion the Trojan horses, if weighed, would have been estimated by avoirdupois or by Troy pounds?' We'll ask our friend Professor ANTHON. *He* knows. . . . THERE are *some* good stanzas in the '*Lines to Julia*,' but as a whole the piece is deficient. We annex two of the best verses:

'I know a tender maiden  
As gentle as the spring,  
As summer showers, or summer flowers,  
Or any lovely thing.

'But yet this tender maiden  
Careth no more for me  
Than 'mid the stars the pale moon cares  
For the poor love-sick sea.'

Then do n't bother her, if she do n't 'care any thing for you!' Do n't go about whining like a sick monkey. Look up somebody who *will* care for you, if you are *worth* being cared for. 'Praps you aint.' . . . MR. MACREADY is about taking his sixth 'last farewell' of the stage in London. He took four in this country. . . . We learn from the Richmond (Virginia) Republican that Rev. Mr. CLOVER, son of LEWIS P. CLOVER, Esq., of this city, has been ordained by Bishop MEADE a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Hanover, Virginia. The 'Republican' speaks in deservedly warm terms of Mr. CLOVER, as a christian and an artist; and trusts, as we do, that his fine powers as a painter may not be altogether lost sight of in the new duties which he has assumed. 'Religion and the Arts should go hand in hand,' says the author of the '*Lives of the Painters*.' . . . Who has 'threw' this upon our table? It is scandalous; it is open to exception; it is not known to be 'founded'; it may be all a mistake:

THEN — AND NOW.

SIR Knight, clad in arms, to my lady vow'd love,  
And invoked on her blessings, from earth and above;  
But the haughty one scorned him, with breast as of steel,  
Too hard and too cold his love's ardor to feel. — *TEMPLE'S SONG.*

THOUGH ladies' breasts were once of steel,  
And then resisted all concessions,  
Yet these are only cotton now,  
And freely yield to slight impressions!

Our Springfield (Mass.) friend laughs at us for our 'self-confessed ignorance of mowing.' 'By'r Lady, not so!' Our style of mowing is not the same as that of the conceited grass-cutters of Tarrytown, but that is *their* misfortune, not ours. A doubt similar to theirs was expressed by our good friends the Shakers, as to our ability to 'milk,' when we were at Lebanon 'North Family,' and simply because the Shaker heifer would n't let us approach her in the garb of 'the world's people.' But when we donned friend ROBERT WHITE's long-skirted coat and broad-brimmed white hat, did n't we succeed in leaving that beautiful heifer's 'udders all drawn dry?' Ten quarts of rich milk in the foaming Shaker pail triumphantly vindicated our reputation, and we had much silent applause among the brethren. But you should have

seen 'Old Knick,' they say, on that occasion! . . . We glanced over, at our friend PUTNAM's book-store the other morning, the sheets of '*The Songs of Beranger*,' translated by our esteemed contemporary, Mr. YOUNG, of the '*Albion*' weekly journal. Nothing need exceed the beauty of the typography; while the broad page, and over and above all, the frequency and exceeding beauty of the engravings, leave nothing to be desired, in an illustrated work of the first class. That the translations are felicitous and faithful, we have the best assurance in the examples heretofore afforded us by the translator, in the columns of his widely-circulated and popular journal. . . . Do N'T say any thing '*About Trout-Fishing*,' Signior 'PISCATOR,' of Monticello, till we have time to tell you of *our* luck in one of the murmuring mountain brooks that pour their cold clear waters into Lake Horicon. Think of getting out of a wagon, half full of women, laughing and giggling, (enough to scare away the most imperturbable trout in any living water,) taking your pole, dropping a line over a rock, along which eddies and ripples the deepened brook, and hauling up a 'pound-and-a-half-er;' and you standing in *the road* all the while! Wait till you hear from *us*, Mr. PISCATOR, '*if you please!*' . . . THE successors to the late WILLIAM OSBORN, in the printing-office of this Magazine, are MESSRS. BAKER, GODWIN AND COMPANY. They have replenished the office with new presses, all varieties of new type, cuts, etc., and are prepared to execute all orders, from town or country, in the very best style, and with immediate despatch. They are gentlemen of enterprise, of acknowledged skill, and of strict integrity; and it is a pleasure to know that the high character which the office sustained under the direction of our departed friend OSBORN will be continued by the new firm. We commend them confidently and cordially to the public. . . . OUR business-associate and publisher has prepared a new *Advertisement of the Thirty-Seventh Volume of the Knickerbocker*, and has placed it in the front of the present number. He has brought the States of the Union together, and shown how their journals have spoken of our Magazine, and of our own humble labors in its pages. We have read the notices he has preserved and collated from the various papers of the country, political, literary, scientific, and religious, with a glow of sincere gratitude, that we have been able to secure this cordial, unbought, unsolicited suffrage at the hands of our contemporaries and countrymen, and with a renewed determination to labor still more effectually to *deserve* the high commendation which has been so liberally bestowed upon our work. We would call especial attention, not only to the *Advertisement* to which we have alluded, but also to the *Announcement* on the second page of the cover hereof. If the reading public only knew what a superb picture it is, by that true genius, MOUNT, which is offered by the publisher, we cannot help thinking that the literary inducements also tendered would be deemed as hardly in keeping with the pictorial attraction. But MOUNT only '*did his best*,' and we shall certainly do the same thing, and so will our unequalled corps of contributors, among whose productions will be included a second series of that masterly novel, founded on fact, '*The Saint Leger Papers*,' which have attained to such a wide popularity in this country and in England. . . . We have scarcely received an indifferent communication, either in prose or verse, during the past month. We shall specially acknowledge in our next what we do not publish in that number. . . . SEVERAL new works, English and American, three or four of which are already established in the public favor, will receive that attention in our next issue which we have been compelled, much against our inclination, to deny them in the present.